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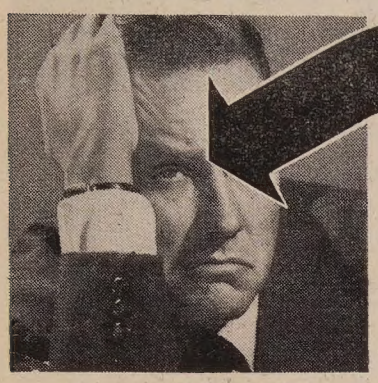

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The Magazine of Adventurous Railroading

Vol. 65, No. 1 **SEPTEMBER, 1954** **50 Cents**

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"Started to repair sets six months after enrolling. Earned $12 to $15 a week in spare time."—Adam Kramlik, Jr., Sunneytown, Pennsylvania.

"Up to our necks in Radio-Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work."—Glen Peterson, Bradford, Ont., Canada.

"Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to N.R.I."—Curtis Stath, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

"Am with WCOC. NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-phone license exam."—Jesse W. Parker, Meridian, Mississippi.

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Keep your job while training. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multitester built with parts I send helps you make $10, $15 a week extra fixing sets while training. Many start their own Radio-Television business with spare time earnings.

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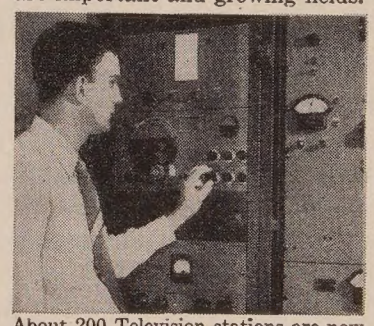
The Tested Way To Better Pay!

Television Making Good Jobs, Prosperity—Even without Television, Radio is bigger than ever. 115 million home and auto Radios to be serviced. Over 3000 Radio broadcasting stations use operators, technicians, engineers. Government, Aviation, Police, Ship, Micro-wave Relay, Two-Way Radio Communications for buses, taxis, trucks, etc., are important and growing fields. Television is moving ahead fast.



About 200 Television stations are now on the air. Hundreds of others being built. Good TV jobs opening up for Technicians, Operators, etc.

25 million homes now have Television sets. Thousands more are being sold every week. Get a job or have your own business selling, installing, servicing.

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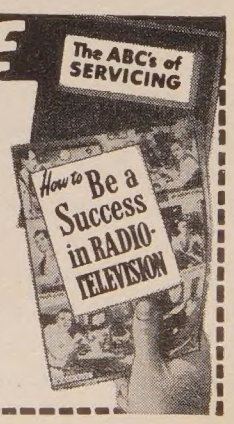


MAIL CAR

Readers' Letters, News, and Other Bits of Railroadiana

HERE, AT LAST, is the kind of magazine you have been waiting for—authentic railroad flavor in a new and better format!

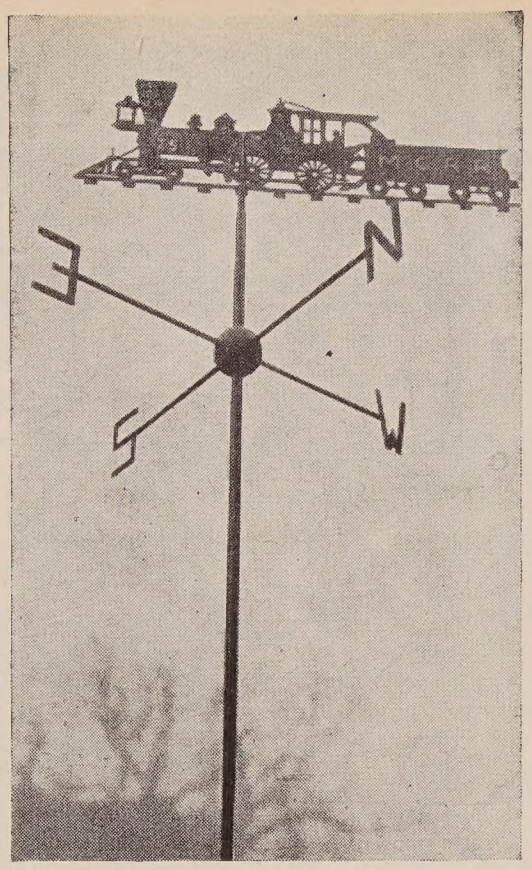
Says Paul Stringham, a long-time subscriber, 112 Maple St., Peoria 4, Ill.: "Much of your material is well worth saving, and smooth paper keeps a lot better than pulp. The older issues in my file, from the early '30s, are getting brittle. Besides, a larger page size would permit bigger pictures."

Some rail-minded readers prefer technical facts. Others demand entertainment. We cater to both types. Our editorial policy is symbolized by Herb Mott's cover painting—the adventurous past and modern progress.

First out this month is the dramatic story of engineering problems involved in raising a sunken locomotive from a deep, fast-flowing river.

Lucius Beebe and Haywire Mac turn back the clock. Harry Bedwell gives us a new *Eddie Sand* yarn. Paul N. White takes us further along the *Plywood Empire Route.* Peter Josserand comes up with a train-order problem. And Bryant Alden Long, author of the book *Mail by Rail,* recalls the dim forgotten trails of trolley RPOs.

Rounding out the consist are a Colorado & Southern roster, half a dozen departments, and a new large photo section. We await reader reaction. •



"WM. MASON," forerunner of modern 4-4-0's, built at Taunton, Mass., in 1856, now serves in replica as weathervane on Charles H. Abbott's blueberry and pulpwood farm near Franklin, Maine.

ISAAC B. TIGRETT, who died recently, was one of the greatest railroad men of all time. His supreme achievement was to build a 49½-mile wooden-axle pike into the present 3000-mile Gulf, Mobile & Ohio system. He also gave the South its first modern streamlined train and the world its first train hostess. His life-story has become a saga. It will be remembered until the last flag is whistled in.

The GM&O president never let success go to his head. His slow smile made you feel, even when you first met him, that you had known him for years. Your editor once spent the best part of a week-end with Mr. Tigrett—in his office and home at Jackson, Tenn., and in his private railroad car en route from Jackson to St. Louis.

We were eating breakfast in the car and in the course of our conversation, your editor asked: "How did you learn railroading, Mr. Tigrett?"

He smiled. "I haven't learned it yet."

NOSTALGIA for the colorful bygone days of steam and Morse is, we suspect, responsible for a great many thousand sales of *Railroad Magazine.* If space permitted, we could fill page after page with readers' letters supporting this point. For example, this one from Edward S. Foley, 64 Danforth St., Taunton, Mass.:

"The steam engine is fast vanishing but we can still enjoy pictures and stories of them in *Railroad.* That is why I buy your magazine each month. Sure, diesel power is more efficient and is cheaper to operate and maintain, but to me one diesel looks just about the same as another. They lack personality. Your steam locomotive covers for June and July pleased me very much. In fact, I was first attracted to *Railroad Magazine* years ago because of a steam locomotive cover."

Says Robert G. Rumer, 630 W. Chew St., Philadelphia 20, Pa.: "Your June cover, showing a narrow-gage steam-powered train, is the best cover you've ever had. You can't beat color photos." •

ONE BY ONE, landmarks of the steam age are coming down—coal chutes, water towers and roundhouses—rendered obsolete by diesel locomotives in the railroads' march of progress. Latest structure to fall, reports Walter Thayer, Chelan, Wash., is the Great Northern roundhouse at Appleyard, Wash., which savored of steam, coal-smoke and lubricating oil while the huge Mallets and other power were being serviced there. Old hoggers watched the dismantling with tight lips and misty eyes. End of an era. •

359 SPARKLING NEW passenger cars costing $58,000,000 have recently been put into service on the Canadian National. Delivery of the cars, completed this summer, provides the largest modernization project of its kind in Canadian railway history. •

NEW ORLEANS now has a new Union Passenger Terminal. It was officially opened on the day that a new-type city government came into office with a mayoralty inaguration and parades. This great building, which is said to be America's only air-conditioned railroad station, serves seven roads that previously had brought passengers into New Orleans at five different depots. •

OUR current editorial policy, according to A. B. Brown, RFD Box 31, Waiakoa, Maui, Hawaii, has heightened the popularity of *Railroad Magazine* in Hawaii. Mr. Brown tells us that he has missed only a few copies of the magazine since it first came out in 1906. He has railroaded for 25 years as callboy, trainman and brass collar, retiring in 1947. •

VIRGINIA & TRUCKEE depot at Carson City, Nev., has been converted into a Masonic lodge room with banquet hall and kitchen. So says C. B. Gordon, 4451 Edgewood Ave., Riverside, Calif., a boomer who railroaded for 52 years on 22 pikes. We hope that he will tell us about one of his most interesting experiences. •

Thirteen top writers bring you their greatest sea stories in one big thrill packed book

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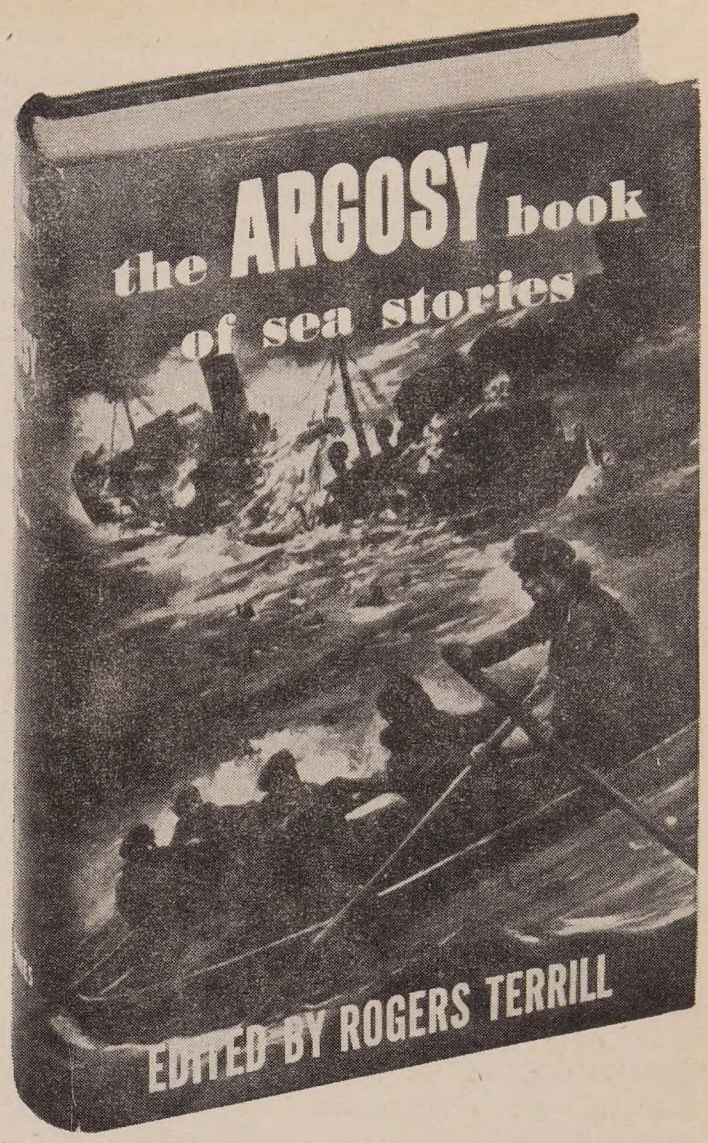
to Adventure readers!



the ARGOSY book of sea stories

Adventure on the high seas!

Each story in this top-notch collection offers you a new experience in the unexpected. You'll know what it's like to sail on a ship whose mad captain has a terrifying secret; to travel in convoy with a touchy load of dynamite beneath your feet; how all things become menacingly sinister when you flout superstitions seamen have honored for centuries. You'll wonder at the mystery of a phantom craft, and learn how a veteran sailor proved the Navy's "good old days" really weren't so bad; see a dramatic clash between cutthroat slavers and pirates; and watch in heart-tingling suspense as a kidnaping at sea is plotted. In every case you'll share the danger and courage, the despair and jubilation of men whose adventurous lives take them to the far corners of the earth. Color, action, intensity—you'll experience a kind of excitement seldom found in fiction.

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LOOK AT THESE STORIES

Pull, You Lubbers! by Brian O'Brien; *The Ship From Nowhere* by A. Bertram Chandler; *The Captain's Prisoner* by Calvin J. Clements; *Congo Cargo* by T. T. Flynn; *The Jonah Curse* by J. F. Wallace; *The Alone Men* by Vincent McHugh; *A Taste of Command* by Steve Hail; *One for O'Brien* by George P. Morrill; *The Pirate and the Gamecock* by Howard Bloomfield; *Mutiny Below* by Cedric Mentiplay; *Nitro Ship* by William Holder; *Bound for the Bottom* by J. F. Wallace; *Bayou Bait* by Leslie T. White.

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ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

☐ $2.40 enclosed. YOU pay postage. Same guarantee.

NUDE FEMALE. We swiped this item from *Texas & Pacific Topics:* An attractive girl took off her clothes recently in the middle of London's busiest railway terminal, Liverpool Street Station. She had only her stockings on when police struggled through the crowd to take her away to a hospital for observation. •

INSTEAD of announcing the approach of a Long Island train, an old engine bell is now calling Basimbiti tribespeople in Tanganyika, Africa, to religious services, reports Luther Cummings, Jr., Lancaster, Pa. An American missionary had written back home that his new church needed a bell. LIRR officials donated a 275-pounder, made of bronze and steel, and pious railroad shopmen built a special bracket for it in their spare time. •

69 YEARS of commuting on the Boston & Maine has earned a gold 50-year pin for Stephen W. Phillips, Salem, Mass. The pin was handed to him personally by the road's president, T. G. Sugrue. •

LADY DISPATCHER. One of our authors, Peter Josserand, Western Pacific night chief dispatcher, has been quoted as saying he didn't believe there ever was a full-time female train dispatcher except New York Central's Phyllis J. Vohland, now the wife of Yardmaster Clarence D. Pangburn. Mr. Josserand should read this item from H. B. Black, Poteau Okla.:

"I am a boomer. Have worked on 65 roads at OS jobs, as relay operator, station agent and train dispatcher. Now out of service, due to poor eyesight. Would like to hear from oldtimers. I remember a girl named Anna Belle Glenn who worked for the Frisco as train dispatcher at Hugo, Okla., some time before World War 1."

We checked with the Frisco's director of public relations, Paul M. Morris. He writes: "Our records show she began work for us as Miss Anna Belle Glenn, operator, at Hoxie, Ark., on July 11, 1911. After holding appointments in eight other Arkansas towns she became a dispatcher at Hugo, Okla., on November 6, 1917.

"The following April 9th she went back to an operator, but 15 days later was made a dispatcher again and held that position until July 10, 1918, when she again became an operator, still remaining at Hugo. Two days afterward she became agent-operator at Fayette Jct., Ark., still later held a series of positions as operator at seven other places, and resigned August 23, 1921. Anna was married twice, first to R. A. McCall, then to a Mr. Albrecht."

We have located this unusual woman and hope to print her life story soon. •

BOOMER LORE "leaves me flat," complains James E. Davies, 78 Warren Place, Ridgewood, N.J. "In my estimation, the railroad boomers were nothing but rolling stones, one step better than bums. They never stayed long enough to do any road any real good. Just drifters, usually single men at that; they seldom married. They boasted of sordid experiences and whiskey-tilting escapades as if they were proud of themselves and the trouble they caused wherever they went.

"Thank God, today's rails don't drift! The modern rail is progressive. Although he wants to read about the old days, he is even more interested in reading about his job, his company, and what the other roads are doing."

Mr. Davies tells us that he likes good fiction and true tales but prefers historical and semi-technical articles. So do many other readers. We will do our best to supply such material.

However, in fairness to the boomers, it should be stated that they performed a valuable service for the railroads by traveling around the States and Canada and showing up when and where they were desperately needed. An army of boomers pitched in to move freight trains for the wheat rush, the cantalope rush, the strawberry rush, and so on.

When the Great Lakes became icebound each winter, throwing a huge volume of extra freight upon the rails, the permanent employes were unable to cope with it, and a hurry call was sent out for boomers. All of which happened many years ago.

Who built the railway to Hudson Bay? Mostly boomers. That country was too cold and bleak for the stay-at-homes.

The boomers were adventurers. By rambling from one road to another, they pushed back horizons and razed the barriers of sectionalism. They picked up railroad skills and spread them far and wide—the knowledge of better techniques, better methods, better ways of doing things. Sometimes only a boomer could handle an operating problem effectively, for he had seen that same problem solved on some other road a thousand miles away.

Sure, the boomers had their faults. Who hasn't? And they made their share of mistakes. If you *must* censure them, Mr. Davies, at least bear in mind some of the worthwhile things they accomplished.

It is our belief that most of them eventually settled down. Plenty of ex-boomers, such as Harry Bedwell and Haywire Mac, are happily married. But regardless of their marital status, their restless feet or their liking for Scotch, the boomers as a whole played a great role in railroad history. That role is comparable to the opening up of the Old West by reckless pioneers whose morals were not always above reproach. •

ENGLAND HEARD FROM. "Congratulations on your very fine magazine!" writes Donald E. Metz, 51 Gordon St., Semilong, Northampton, England. "When two friends of mine emigrated to Montreal recently, I asked them to send me any railroad reading matter they could get. They certainly picked a winner when they mailed me *Railroad Magazine.*

"Being both a railway employe and a fan, I get most enjoyment from reading about the journeys taken by your reporters. I note from your *Mail Car* department that some readers are crying for less technical data and photos. While agreeing with them as regards the technical side, I plead for *more* photos, especially those which show your railroads in action.

"Also, I find it interesting to compare the lingo of American and British railwaymen. The only word which still has me baffled is *wye.* What is a *wye,* please? I am 26, am employed as a clerk by the London Midland Region of British Railways, and would like to correspond with readers in the United States and Canada." •

SP MOGULS. Rev. Charles Atkins' comment on Nos. 1775 and 1776 (June issue) draws this letter from David L. Joslyn, retired Southern Pacific photographer, 2164 Castro Way, Sacramento 18, Calif.:

"The SP received from Baldwin in 1902 fifteen Moguls numbered 1720-1724 as well as Nos. 1770-1779, all Vauclain compounds with Vanderbilt corrugated cylindrical fireboxes. In 1903 it acquired Baldwin locomotives 3016-3-24, type 4-4-2, also Vauclain compounds equipped with Vanderbilt corrugated cylindrical fireboxes, and five switchers, 0-6-0 with Vanderbilt boilers.

"From the very first the Vanderbilt boilers gave trouble, especially on the 4-4-2s. Contrary to belief, the cylin-

drical firebox would collapse. No casualties resulted, but in order to restore the locomotive to service a new firebox had to be installed. There was no means of restoring the firebox to its original cylindrical shape. The new ones were built of heavier metal; even so, they gave trouble.

"The 2-6-0, or Mogul type, engines were rebuilt with wagon-top boilers and conventional-type fireboxes, new simple cylinders with cylindrical valves, and several other features. Several of us at the Sacramento drawing-room worked on the redesigning. Even though we drew up a design for rebuilding the 4-4-2, all the SP engines of that type were scrapped. For some unexplained reason, the 0-6-0s with Vanderbilt boilers never gave much trouble. They still had their old cylindrical fireboxes when finally they were scrapped. For years, until not long ago, the 1102 was used at Sacramento as a stationary boiler." •

WORLD'S longest daily non-stop run, made by *The Elizabethan,* British Railways, was broken June 28 when the famous London-Edinburgh train went on summer schedule, clipping 15 minutes off its previous time. The 393-mile run now takes 6½ hours; average speed, 60.5 mph.; top speed, above 90. *The Elizabethan,* weighing over 400 tons, is pulled by an A-4 Pacific. Another British Pacific, *The Mallard,* claims the world's speed record for steam, 126 mph., set July 3, 1938. •

14 YEARS OLD and a telegraph operator on the Illinois Central —that started the railroad career of Montague L. Powell, 221 Brons Ave., Peoria, Ill. He is now a towerman on the Toledo, Peoria & Western. It was Mr. Powell who supplied the FS&G train photo on page 37.

He writes: "That picture belonged to my great-grandfather, Ralph Haworth, who worked for several roads in Missouri and Kansas and for a lumber road in the State of Washington, about 50 years ago. I can't give you any information about the old photo, except that my great-grandfather evidently was the fireman. He would probably be ashamed if he could learn that I am a diesel fan, not a steam fan as most of your readers seem to be." •

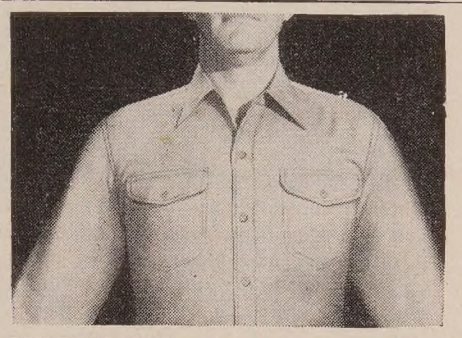
CALLBOY at age 14 on the Great Northern—that's one of the memories of Dr. Frank A. Woodward, 2300 W. 10th St., Los Angeles 6, Calif., who is finally "taking the rocking chair" (retiring) after six years of railroading and 44 of medical practice.

"As a night callboy I was paid $20 a month," he recalls, "being on duty 12 hours out of every 24, with no days off. The boss car-tapper earned $70 a month for the same time, which was regarded as good money in those days. Not having any work to do between midnight and three a.m., I would spend the three hours on the yard goat. Hence, I knew all the signals and other things when I went breaking years later.

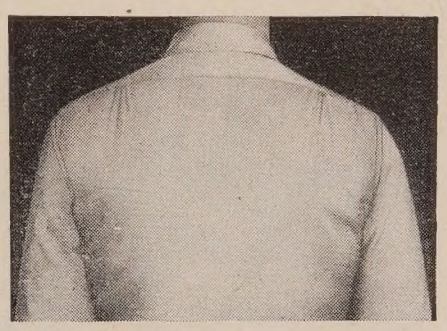
"There must have been railroading in my blood. My father was braking on the 'Q' out of Burlington, Iowa, in 1884, the year I was born. In fact, he was one of the crew that first tried out the Westinghouse airbrake on the hill west of Burlington. At the time he retired after more than 50 years service, he was a GN passenger conductor out of Great Falls, Mont.

"The only period he was out of work during those years was when he took part in the American Railway Union strike of '94 at Livingston, Mont., and

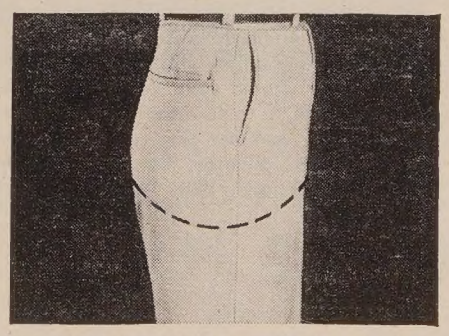
(Continued on page 62)



TAILORED SIZES. In each size of Lee shirts there are three sleeve lengths, and in addition, *three body lengths* to correctly fit men of any height or build.



EXTRA "GIVE." Shoulder pleats and double yoke give you greater freedom of action in Lee shirts.



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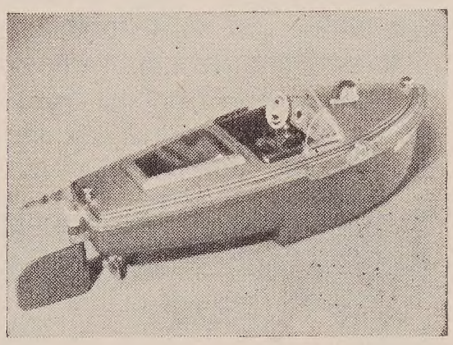
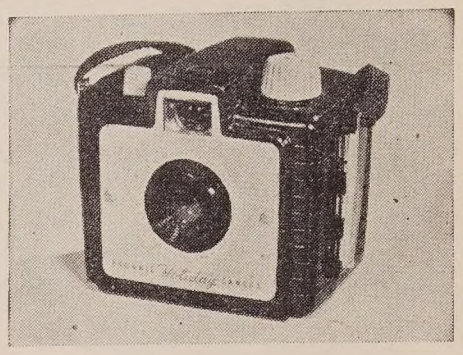
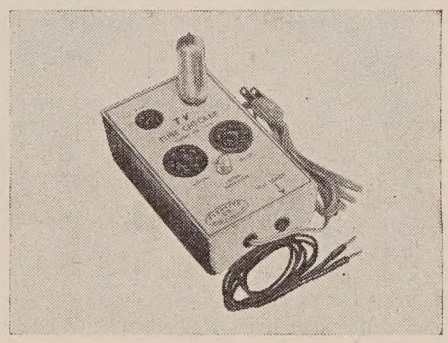


SCHUCO'S SPEEDBOAT can be remotely controlled by juvenile operators and has a cruising range of about 100 ft. Rustproof and leakproof, this wind-up type craft is activated by the flag on the stern, which is actually a start or stop lever. $3.25. F. A. O. Schwartz, 745 Fifth Ave., Dept. AD, New York City.

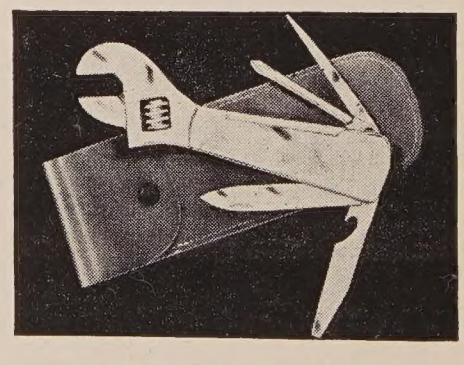


BROWNIE HOLIDAY camera is the lowest-priced camera in its line. Box type, uses black and white or color film (8 shots), is designed for outdoor picture taking only. We think having a camera with you at all times is a good habit. $4.20. Willoughby's, 110 West 32nd Street, Dept. AD, New York City.

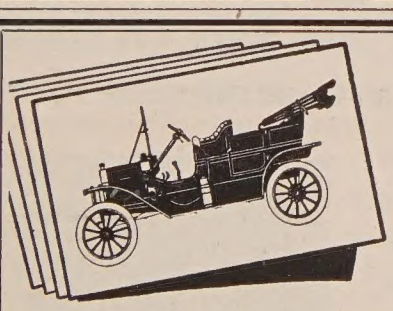


WHEN A TELEVISION set conks out, the first thing a repairman does is to check the tubes. This TV and radio tube-tester should save you considerable coin. Use it to determine the bad tube, order it by number and replace it yourself. $3.95. Visulite Co., 423 Broome Street, Dept. AD, New York 13, N. Y.

PORTABLE fire extinguisher is an excellent thing to have around the auto, boat or home. Puts out fires immediately, needs no periodic inspection or re-charging, is effective in all weather, is very light and powerful. $3.98 with wall bracket. Buyways, Dept. AD, P. O. Box 224, Orange, New Jersey.



COMPACT AUTO KIT for emergency repairs is made entirely of forged and tempered high-grade tool steel, all chrome-plated. Includes awl punch, wrench, Phillips and conventional screw drivers, file and cap opener in leather case. $11. Lester Square, 251 West 42nd St., Rm. 300, Dept. AD, N. Y. C.



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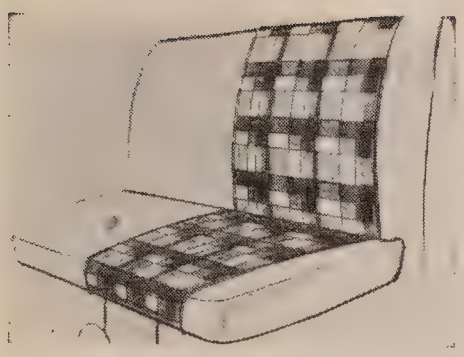

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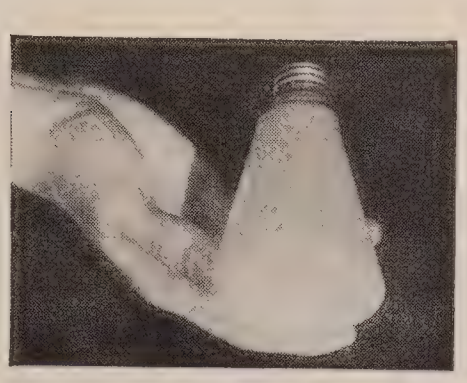

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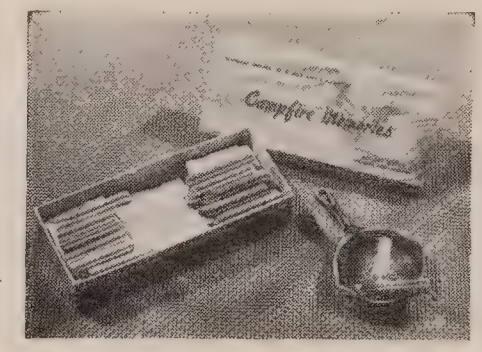

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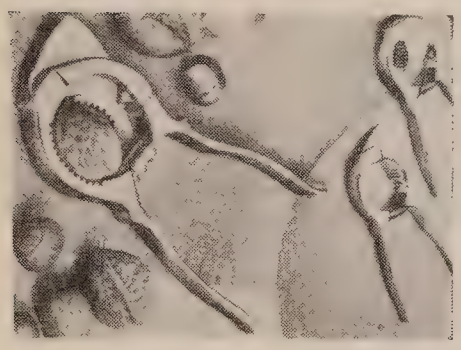
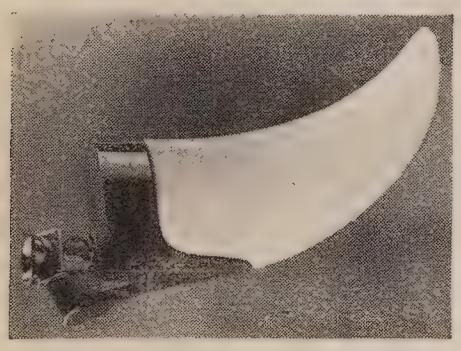


NUT EATERS are generally members of the "take one and you can't stop" club. Here's something to help us all . . . a fine nutcracker made of forged, chrome-plated steel, which cracks shell but does not shatter meat. 6 inches long, $4.50. Lewis & Conger, Dept. AD, Sixth Ave. at 45th St., N. Y. C.

STORAGE CABINET for small parts has six swinging drawers, 9½ inches long, that can be divided into 4 compartments each. Attach it anywhere, use it for drills, nails, screws, model parts, washers, brushes, garden seeds. $3.95. Akro-Mils, Inc., 820 E. Market Street, Dept. AD, Akron 9, Ohio.



ADVENTUROUS, you'd have to be, to sit with one of these on your desk all day. It's a genuine six-inch walrus tooth, made into a cigar cutter. If you wish name of recipient engraved on it in gold, allow 6 weeks' delivery. $25. Abbeon Supply Co., 179-61 Jamaica Ave., Dept. AD, Jamaica 32, N. Y.

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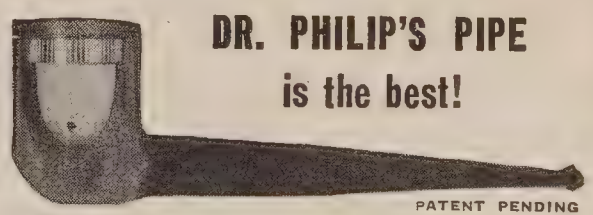

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OPERATION

BIG LIFT

For Three Weeks, an Army of Men and Machines Struggled to Raise a Sunken Diesel Locomotive from the Depths of Oregon's Treacherous Deschutes River

By DIANE and RILEY DUNANN

Photographs by Austen C. Anderson

DARK CLOUDS were scudding across the moon. Snow had softened the frowning cliffs that hung like parapets above the railway cut and the pale silvery Deschutes River. It was January 31st, this year. A fast freight of the Spokane, Portland & Seattle was burnishing the rails that curved alongside the boulder-strewn river bank. Now and then bits of gravel, torn loose from the hillside, peppered the fifty-seven cars and their ponderous three-unit diesel locomotive.

The train had come from Bend, Oregon, and was bound for Wishram, Washington—but would never get there! Near milepost 57, on a down grade some two and a half miles south of Maupin, Oregon, the brakeman riding the head end yawned and pulled out his watch.

"Soon be midnight," he muttered to the fireman. "Guess I'll go to the rear and look things over."

Acting on his hunch, the brakie headed back at a leisurely gate over the swaying car tops. This decision saved his life. No sooner had he begun walking through the darkness than stark tragedy struck. A rock slide thundered down from the ramparts, tossing the 125-ton leading engine and a refrigerator car loaded with canned goods off the track and into the deep, rapid-flowing river!

A split second later, seventeen boxcars had jammed themselves into a crazy zigzag pattern; another one was stuck out over the bank, and a smashed hopper car was spilling coal along the track.

It all happened too quickly for Engineer Ernest H. Barton or his fireman, Earl F. Sutton, to jump to safety, and when the swirling foamy water closed over the sunken diesel both men went down with her.

The pile-up blocked the Oregon Trunk main line of the 1185-mile system, which comprises the SP&S, the OT and the Oregon Electric. No train could pass until the road was cleared. Grim-faced officials converged on the scene. Among them were E. H. Showalter, general manager; C. F. Thomas, chief engineer; J. L. Monahan, superintendent; L. V. Hewitt, roadmaster; and Austen C. Anderson, division superintendent. They brought with them

PILE-UP. The morning after, SP&S salvage crews found a zigzag of 17 crumpled boxcars in the cut along the canyon wall. Later, high above the boiling rapids, salvager Frank Devine probed for the submerged engine from a bosun's chair.

BIG HOOK lowers salvager for inspection of freight car teeter-ing precariously at river's edge. A split second of disaster cost more than seven weeks of salvage operations.

Fred Devine, a diver and salvaging expert from Portland, Oregon, and salvage crews and special equipment.

Besides reopening the line, they planned to recover the submerged engine, valued at $175,000, and the loaded reefer, and to bring up the bodies of the two victims for Christian burial.

At six o'clock on the bleak, chilly, gray morning of February first Operation Big Lift was started. Using a monster railway bridge crane, the men rigged up heavy cables over the Deschutes River canyon to help in salvaging the locomotive, and about a mile downstream they strung a drag-line with hooks to catch even small floating objects.

Devine's first job was to learn whether or not the bodies of Barton and Sutton were still in the cab. But before he could do that, he had to discover where the lost engine was. For this task he used two twenty-ton caterpillar tractors as well as steel cables and gear from his ship, the *Salvage Chief*—a ship that is famous for having achieved the impossible by pulling an 8800-ton freighter off the Washington Beach shoals.

The salvage crews set up operations on the river bank, working on a motor highway which had once been part of the Union Pacific right-of-way. Back in 1910, some nine thousand men had been employed there in building the UP and the Oregon Trunk Line. This highway is situated on the east bank of the Deschutes. Over it rolled equipment for the 1954 emergency. Over it also rolled a great many sight-seeing motorists from various points in Oregon, Washington and Idaho, bent on viewing the wreck.

"This salvage job has created more interest than any other operation I've ever been assigned to," said Frank I. Verrinder, who had charge of the SP&S special agents policing the area. "Why, nearly a thousand people showed up here the first week-end!"

Cinder dicks worked the clock around to keep the curious onlookers from becoming entangled with the equipment that was strung all over the place. So large did the crowds become that visitors were required to park their cars a half-mile from the spot, walk the rest of the distance, and watch the salvage work from the hillside above the highway.

The Deschutes River, fed by icy mountain streams, had at that time a temperature of about 35 degrees. Narrow, deep, and running like a mill-race, it interfered seriously with diving operations. So Devine worked out another method to search for the lost locomotive. He took soundings from a bosun's chair that swung out over the boiling rapids, and this is how he did it:

Riley Dunann

TRAVELING ENGINEER, Austen C. Anderson, who took these pictures of Operation Big Lift, kept his camera ready under his mackinaw.

A loop of two-inch-diameter steel cable, shaped like a lasso, extended across the river by the fifty-foot boom of a railway crane, was dropped over the estimated grave of the diesel unit. It caught hold of the engine, as paint marks on the cable revealed later, but slipped off when the tractors began to pull.

Meanwhile, the refrigerator car had traveled about six hundred feet downstream. A tip of its front end could be seen above the surging water, and a single battered can of soup from its lading turned up in the drag-line. Railway officials shook their heads. They doubted that the car could ever be recovered.

The salvage men dropped another loop over the locomotive. This one likewise slipped, after it had dragged the engine five or six feet, with the mighty tractors and cable gear applying less than their maximum capacity.

Days went by. The river fell a foot and a half. Still there was no sign of the diesel in the muddy current. So the men dropped a third loop, and this one held fast on a test pull.

The engine had lost one truck and now represented about a hundred tons of dead weight. This fact, linked with the fifty-foot depth of the river at that point, and the speed of the current, well over twenty miles per hour, led the engineers to estimate that they needed additional pull of seventy tons.

So they rigged up three 350-pound "oversize snatch blocks" into the two-inch cable system. Then the gargantuan tractors walked up the 50-percent grade to a bench above the old abandoned right-of-way and hooked onto the steel cable. Each tractor could exert a twenty-ton pull on the drawbar. The first snatch block doubled this. The second increased the pull to eighty tons, and the third one, fastened to the heavy cable, ran it up to 160 tons.

Now everything was set. The roaring tractors began a steady yank on the cable. At a hundred-ton draw the cable began to sweat grease out of its strands. The snatch blocks moved for about fifty feet. Suddenly, the spot where the big cable disappeared in the river changed from a white eddy to smooth rapids. The water beside the rocks fell about eighteen inches, which indicated that the diesel unit had been moved from the bed where she had been forming an underwater dam.

"HE'S IN THERE!" Nineteen days after wreck, diver signals discovery of Engineer Barton's body. Strong currents made job complicated.

After rearranging the rigging, the men tried again. This time, in a highly dramatic moment, they saw the black and yellow locomotive rise slowly above the surface and they pulled her to within ten feet of the east shore. The workmen shouted in triumph. Cheers of two hundred or so spectators echoed through the hills.

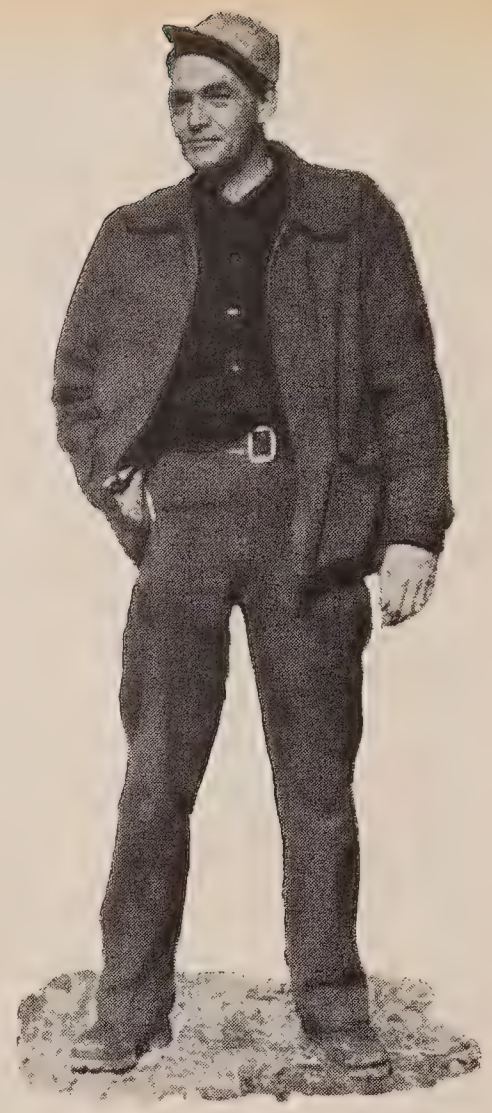
Then, with the nose of the battered engine pointed upstream within ten feet of the rocky shore, the great cable snapped, and she settled down to the rocks with a gurgle. Her front end, including the cab, lay only two or three feet below the agitated surface of the river.

Now that the diesel had come into relatively shallow water, divers could go down to inspect her. They did so. One undersea expert managed to prod her cab interior with a pole but without result. Because of the current's pressure he could not climb inside the engine. She was still totally immersed, except for part of the roof, and rested against a ledge with her nose jutting into midstream.

The divers, looking like huge green frogs, went down, surfaced, and then dived again and again. Soon they found that both of the two-foot-square glass windows on the engineer's and fireman's sides of the cab had been shattered. This discovery told a gruesome tale.

The right door was closed; but the other one, on the upstream side, had been opened. It seemed likely that both Barton and Dutton, instead of being trapped in the cab, had been flung clear of the locomotive when the rock slide plunged her into the river. Such, however, was not the case.

With the engine wedged between rocks in water more than forty feet deep, the salvage men decided to build what is known as an A-frame. The purpose of such a structure—made of heavy timbers shaped like a capital A—was to exert a vertical lifting force on the locomotive, thus hoisting her free of the rock ledge. But the engineers abandoned this plan in favor of an enormous rock that stood at the water's edge. On top of this rock they placed a stout pulley to support the cable, using the miniature Gibraltar as an anchor.



Riley Dunann

HEAD CINDER DICK, Frank I. Verrinder, was busy keeping curious spectators out of harm's way.

TAIL FIRST, diesel at last emerges from water against hump of rock that anchored cables. Later, the miniature Gibraltar was dynamited.

During all this time, the divers continued to go down and, with the aid of a 1000-watt Underwater Burning Light, they worked with prod poles. On February 18th, they found the engineer's body in the engine compartment, where it had been submerged for nineteen days.

The next objective was the dynamiting of enough rock to free the locomotive without mutilating the fireman's body, that might possibly be lodged in or near the wreck. Workmen hurried back and forth stringing wire to the detonator. A diver went down to locate the best spots in which to set the dynamite. Then he surfaced and returned later with the sticks of explosive tied to wires.

At that stage, the photographers and all other persons not actually engaged in the project were ordered to move back. Verrinder, the chief

special agent, herded them to the highway, there to await the boom and the splash.

The explosion was disappointing. Just a little *pouf*, no more. Nevertheless, the dynamite did a good job. The right amount of rock had been blown off without damage to the engine.

"It won't be long now," the salvage workers told one another.

But before the locomotive could be beached, the "Gibraltar" that had anchored the cable had to be shattered with dynamite and then bulldozed until the ground was level.

Every phase of the Big Lift called for engineering skill, team work, patience and safety methods.

Finally, on February 25th, after several trys and repairs to the cable, the wrecked locomotive was lifted high and dry onto the east bank of the Deschutes. A thorough search confirmed the belief that the fireman's body was not on board, so the SP&S established a daily patrol on both sides of the river to look for it.

Meanwhile, the sad-looking hulk that had once been a proud locomotive was hoisted onto a mammoth trailer and was carted down the old right-of-way to Maupin. There it was loaded on a flatcar and taken to the company's Vancouver shops to be rebuilt.

On March 24th, more than seven weeks after the wreck, the loaded reefer was hoisted out of the swift-flowing river. And the next day, Superintendent Monahan and Roadmaster Hewitt, riding on an inspection trip, caught sight of Freman Sutton's body on a small island five and a half miles from where the wreck occurred.

SHE'S READY TO GO. Diver Louis Smith resurfaces after setting charges to release locomotive caught in rocks along the river bottom.

BATTERED but still intact, $175,000 worth of diesel waits aboard flatcar for final leg of journey to Vancouver shops.

Thus ended the saga of Operation Big Lift. The losses included two lives, some ten thousand man-hours, and quite a chunk of money. Altogether, the operation had taken nearly a month.

General Manager Showalter put it this way: "We've never before had a salvage job drag out so long. Usually, such things are cleared up in a few days." ●

AGAINST ORDERS

By HARRY BEDWELL

That Night, Three Drifters—a Dispatcher, a Brass Pounder, and a Conductor—Were All That Stood Between the Special and the Terror of the Winter Storm

"We've got to chance it," Hi said. "There're women on that train."

THE SWITCHMAN, astride the stool next to Hi Wheeler's at the station lunch, cleaned his plate. He burped gently, and rolled a brown-paper cigarette. As he fired up, he watched the long, lean young guy on the other side of the horseshoe counter, reading a book as he ate.

The switchman said slowly, "Well, I'll be a horse's neck! He's back again, and right at the beginnin' of a hard winter." He frowned and said to Hi, "That's the smartest boomer brass-pounder as ever worked for anybody's railroad. He ain't been aroun' here in three years I know of. Bet he's been places since then." The switchman was a home guard and envious of the drifters.

Hi Wheeler didn't raise his eyes. It had been a long, cold run coming in, with switching at nearly every station along the way, and he was too busy crowding down a huge slab of steer meat to pay much attention. His mouth was stuffed, but he grunted derisively.

"They say," the switchman went on, "he's good for a job on any pike. I guess he's pounded brass on most of 'em."

Hi swallowed enough to talk, said, "He ain't been no place, like a friend of mine has," and went back to eating.

"Oh, yeah?" the switchman said. "He's got a bale of service letters that would choke a cow."

"Musta bought 'em off a guy that makes a good living out of forging service letters. There's only one lightning slinger's got that many."

"Look!" the switchman said.

"He's worked this division before, and boomers from all over know him. He ain't no tinhorn, that guy ain't. They don't come any smarter than him, and he ain't got no swelled-up head about it. He's so quiet you most hardly ever notice him."

"He's just trying to make like my friend," Hi said darkly, "and it can't be done. Somebody ought to put a spoke in his wheel. Where is this here swindler at?"

HI GLANCED along the switchman's pointing finger. He blinked. He stared, bug-eyed. He swallowed in a long, dry paroxysm. And then his face was split in half by his grin. He lifted up his voice in a yell that bounced on the high ceiling.

"*Eddie-e-e!*" It was the rapturous trumpet of a player who has won the last big pot of the evening. "*Eddie Sand!*" The name rocketed through the cold gray afternoon, and Hi nearly broke his neck untangling his long legs from around the stool.

The young guy on the other side quietly arranged his knife and fork on his empty plate and, with a burnt match as a marker, shut his book. He stood up and eyed the lanky trainman warily.

"Eddie," Hi said, "I done had a dream about you just last week. Seemed like they had tossed you in the jailhouse, and I come to break you out. Low joints and high centers!" he hollered. "How long's it been? Two years, and down in Texas."

He was all set to give him a bear-pat on the back, when Eddie feinted for a wrestler's hold and Hi changed his mind.

"Hi," said Eddie softly, "I can tell you've been eating regularly and well, and you don't look like you'd been in any recent brawls. I expect you've reformed. Maybe even got married. No, I take that back. I can tell by the look in your eye you haven't done that."

Hi burbled affectionately, "I been good so blamed long, it hurts way down to here. But it ain't going to last a day longer. We celebrate—and good." He beamed. "Where you been, kid?"

"On the Colorado desert," Eddie said slowly, as if he was seeing it all again there before his eyes.

Hi looked startled. "Brother, you change climates in wide degrees. If you recollect, it gets frigid at this season of the year in these altitudes."

"I stayed too long." His glance went to the tall windows, to the tall snow mountains. "This is what I've been looking for."

They grinned at each other, two young drifters with great distances in their eyes, and remembering some of the fantastic escapades they had joined in along the careless road, footloose and fancy free, they measured each other for signs of change.

Eddie Sand was long and tough-fibered, with the composure and self-containment of a craftsman who knew his way around, and an instinctive perception that seldom missed a card or failed to follow the run of the game. He was gravely unconcerned with and about oracles and chowderheads and tycoons. He read books, and claimed that his one ambition was to make a fine old man out of himself in the years to come. But that flick of red in his hair was a warning, like a ruby order board above the telegraph station, to stop within the yard limits.

Hi Wheeler was limber-jointed, lighthearted, and hilarious. One minute aggressive and deadly as a fighting cock, the next he'd be as mild as a deacon. But he was never daunted. He would do a job, or tear it to pieces. He seemed to have phenomenal luck, but it wasn't that. It was his ability to seize the opportunities that caused him to land on his feet after any disaster. Hi didn't realize it at the time, but Eddie saw it coming even then; Hi was headed for high places on the high iron.

"You going to work for this outfit again?" Hi asked cautiously.

"Yeah," Eddie said. "I wangled second trick at Aspen out of the chief. I liked it up there, the last time."

Hi whooped. "Before you go to work, we got to have a regular old wing-ding. I've had it coming since Christmas of last year."

He flung an arm across Eddie's shoulders, and they went out into the gray cold.

"Well, I'll be damned," the switchman, on the opposite rim of the horseshoe counter, informed himself plaintively.

A SWITCHER coming off the coach track barked at them. There was a rank of empty four-wheel trucks crowding the yawning baggage room door, and more were lined up on the brick platform, loaded high with baggage and express for an impending passenger train. A ponderous figure came from the stairway that lead to division headquarters above, and met Hi and Eddie face to face.

Hi didn't move aside. "Hiya, Mr. Hagen," he said genially and grinned at the cold nod he got in return. "This is your newest hired man. Name's Eddie Sand, and he takes second trick at Aspen. Eddie, this is your superintendent."

"We've met before," Eddie said.

"When was that," Hagen said. He didn't offer his hand. There was no warmth in the man.

"The most conspicuous," Eddie told him, "was at the hearing on the Smoky River wreck, three years ago."

"Haw!" Hi erupted. "I remember you telling me about that one, Eddie." He explained to Hagen. "He was the op involved, and they tried to hang the blame on him. But without any luck."

Hagen looked at Eddie with marble eyes. "That boomer," he grunted. "You've been gone a long time, and you're right back where you started. So what did it get you?"

"I saw things that would surprise you," Eddie said.

Hagen thrust out his hard jaw. "You don't get anywhere, always going someplace else. Boomers never amount to anything." Hagen had thick, massive shoulders and big hands. He'd done hard labor, pick and shovel.

(Continued on page 65)

Ghost Story

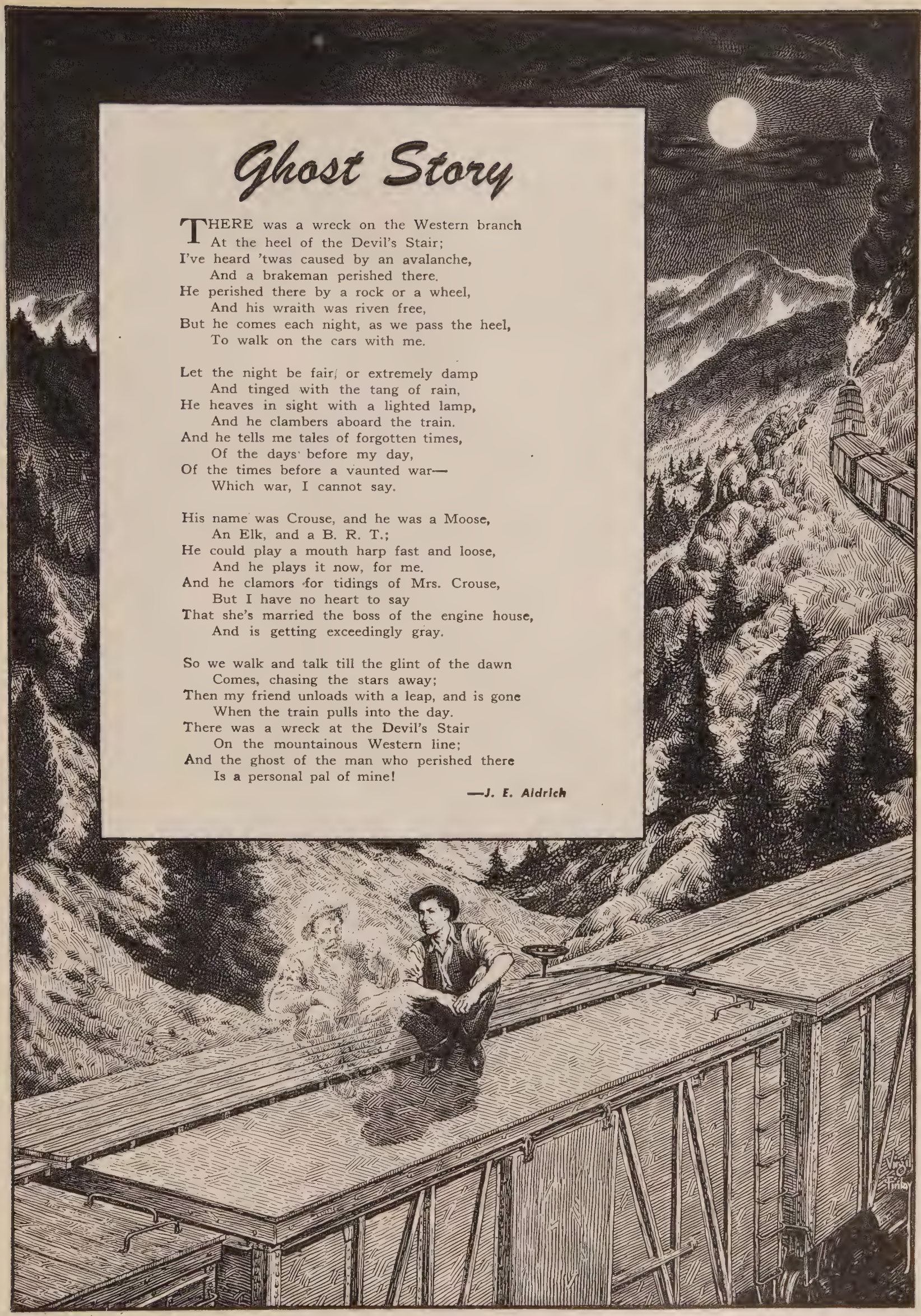
THERE was a wreck on the Western branch
At the heel of the Devil's Stair;
I've heard 'twas caused by an avalanche,
And a brakeman perished there.
He perished there by a rock or a wheel,
And his wraith was riven free,
But he comes each night, as we pass the heel,
To walk on the cars with me.

Let the night be fair, or extremely damp
And tinged with the tang of rain,
He heaves in sight with a lighted lamp,
And he clambers aboard the train.
And he tells me tales of forgotten times,
Of the days before my day,
Of the times before a vaunted war—
Which war, I cannot say.

His name was Crouse, and he was a Moose,
An Elk, and a B. R. T.;
He could play a mouth harp fast and loose,
And he plays it now, for me.
And he clamors for tidings of Mrs. Crouse,
But I have no heart to say
That she's married the boss of the engine house,
And is getting exceedingly gray.

So we walk and talk till the glint of the dawn
Comes, chasing the stars away;
Then my friend unloads with a leap, and is gone
When the train pulls into the day.
There was a wreck at the Devil's Stair
On the mountainous Western line;
And the ghost of the man who perished there
Is a personal pal of mine!

—*J. E. Aldrich*



LADY IN DISTRESS. Back in 1888, in the great days of steam railroading, a "gallant hackman" rescued this "blushing maid" who had caught her foot in a railway crossing at Worcester, Mass., carried her into the waiting room, and, as a reward perhaps, massaged the injured "limb." Blushing heroine's true colors showed up better on *Illustrated Police News* pink paper. Illustrated papers of the time had no scruples about turning the commonplace into the catastrophic.

IN THE GREAT DAYS OF STEAM RAILROADING

By LUCIUS BEEBE

For Three-Quarters of a Century a Nation of Railfans Waited Expectantly for News of the Latest Exploit of the Iron Horse and her Riders.

THAT THE RAILFAN of accepted definition—that is, an admirer of, student of, or *aficionado* for, some phase or phases of railroad travel and operations—is of fairly recent evolution, is a belief that has wide credence. Most railfan organizations, whether of exalted academic status or mere camera-and-outing societies, have had their origins within the past twenty-five or thirty years; and the cult of *ferrophilia* generally is thought to be not much older than the present generation of true believers.

Nothing could be more remote from the truth. For three quarters of a century following the first primal beginnings of railroading in America, the United States was a nation of the most devoted, even rabid, sort of railfans.

The word itself, to be sure, hadn't been coined and the faithful were largely unorganized, but from the early 1830's to some vaguely definable date soon after the turn of the century, the American people were acutely railroad-conscious. Railroading was part of their daily life to a degree undreamed today, and as a natural consequence of the close bond between railroads and everybody, a very large segment of the population was interested in the steamcars.

The latest devisings of luxury and speed in passenger travel, the achievements of ever greater steam

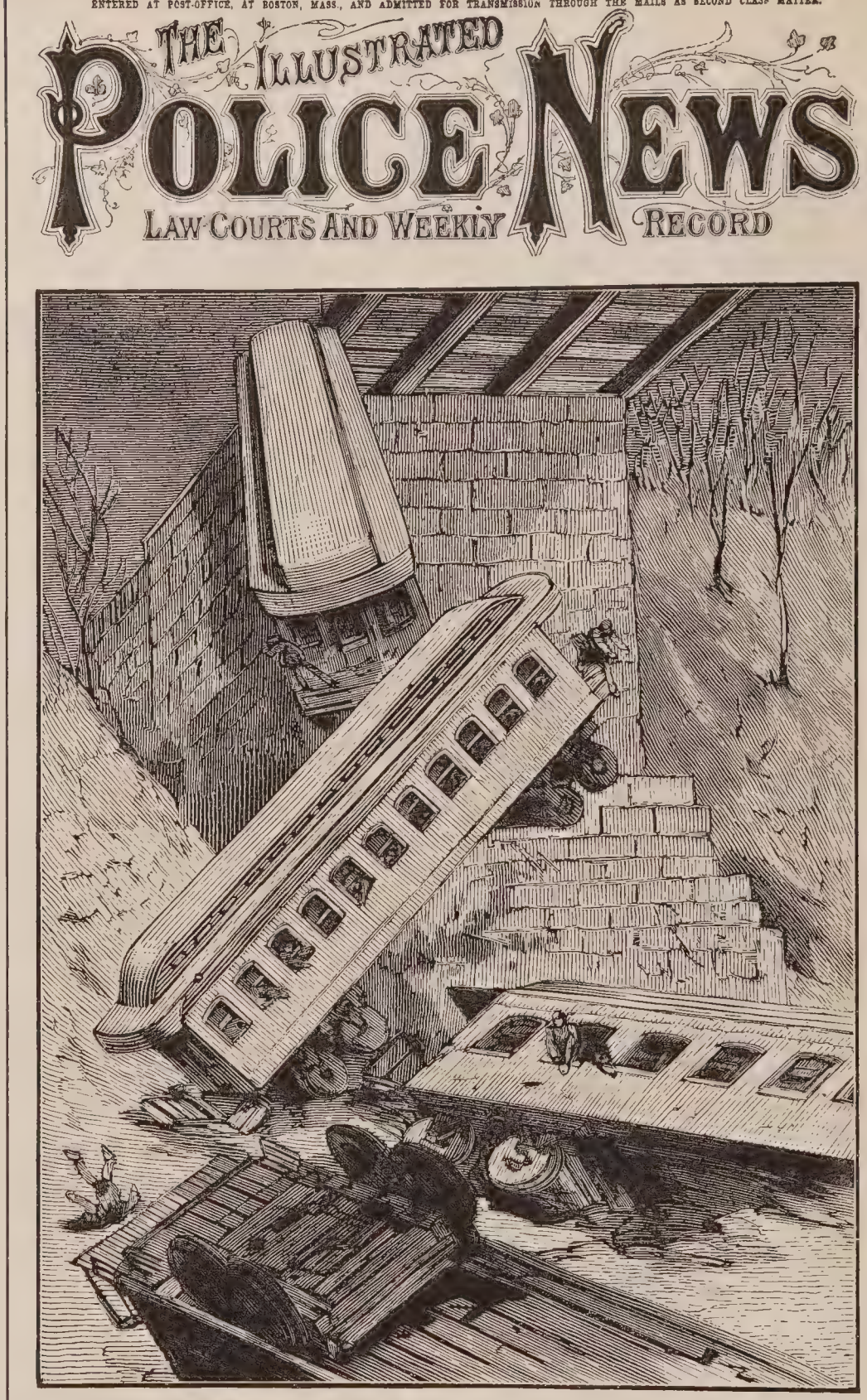
"SHE HAD GRIT," the *News* commented, when Annie Langstrum of Cecil County, Md., hung by her hands from the beams of a railroad bridge to escape an oncoming locomotive and an amorous boyfriend who wanted a kiss.

locomotive power, the finances of railway building, which for three full decades was the biggest business in the land, and the heroic episodes and daring adventures of the high iron may fairly be said to have dominated the general consciousness more than any other single phase or aspect of American life, American progress and American continental conquest.

Everyone thought in terms of the cars. Railroad races and wrecks were enacted with fearsome realism on the stage; railroad songs formed an important portion of the national folklore; and railroad arts—especially the brightly colored lithographs issued by the great locomotive works of Philadelphia, Taunton, Schenectady, Paterson and Boston—were the favorite theme of many a saloon, pool hall and men's recreational resort from Bangor to San Diego. To get anywhere at all you had to take the cars, and they became the symbols in the public imagining of happiness and grief, romance and a journeying to the distant places and romantic farlands of national destiny.

More truly than any religious edifice ever imagined, the railroad station was the cathedral of Nineteenth Century America.

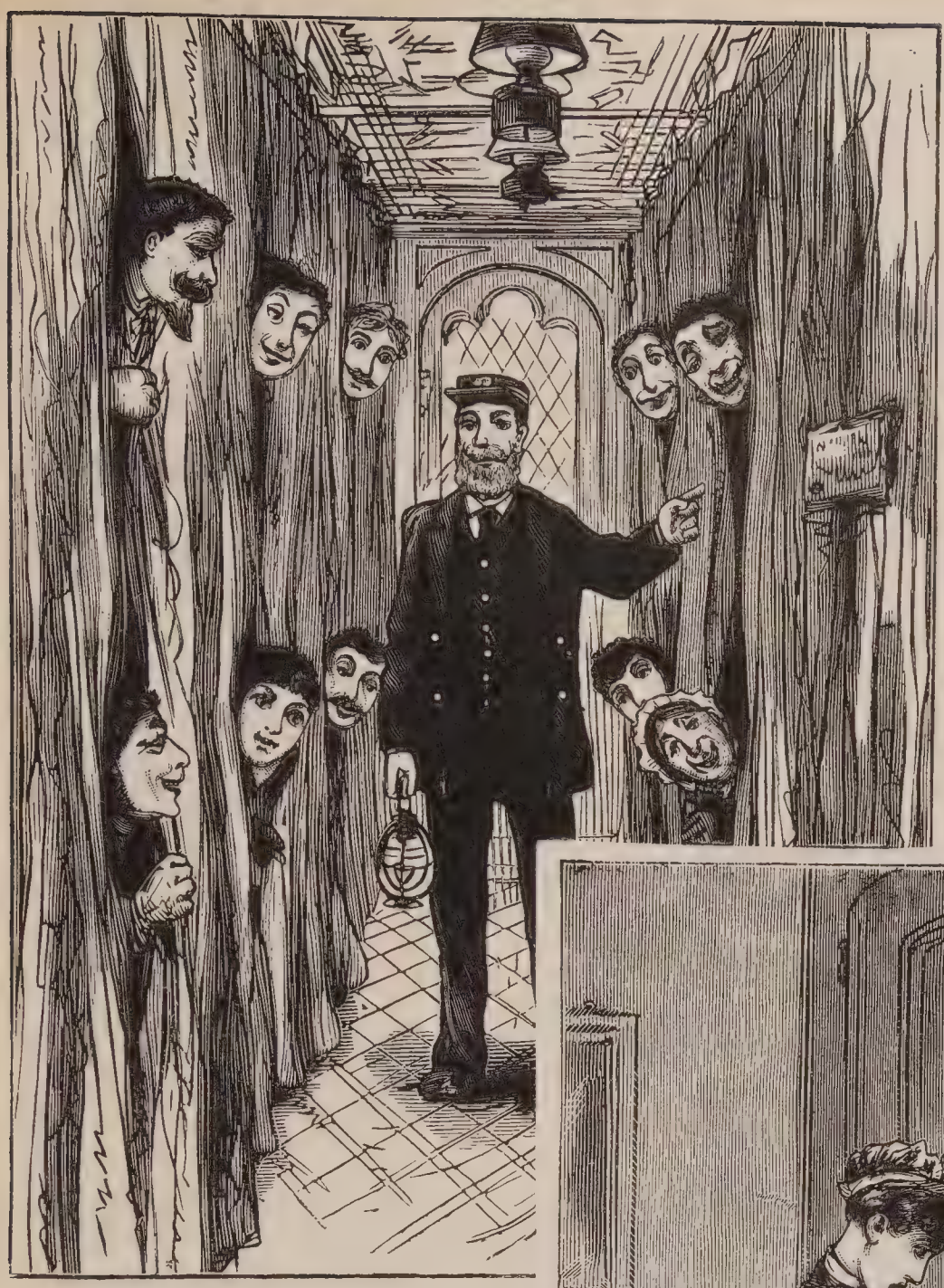
No source of material indicative of the national thinking is more prolific with railroad references than the popular press of the period. Working in this vineyard for a somewhat different purpose than the subject of this brief excursion into yesterday, the author of these paragraphs found himself constantly amazed by the amount of space occupied in the illustrated magazines of the seventies, eighties and nineties by scenes of railroading and of life as it was lived aboard the cars.


ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, AT BOSTON, MASS., AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.
THE ILLUSTRATED
POLICE NEWS
LAW COURTS AND WEEKLY RECORD

VERMONT RAILROAD HORROR. When a night train left the bridge at Hartford, Vt., and plunged into a 40-foot chasm, the coaches caught afire and more than forty people were burned to death. Here the first passengers begin to crawl out of wreck right after plunge.

Not all of the line drawings which found their way into such magazines as *The National Police Gazette* and its frank imitator, *The Illustrated Police News*, of necessity had a background of factual happening. Often the occasion for a railroad picture was most slender. So great, however, was the interest in such matters and the evident demand for railroad anecdota that artists were assigned to translate the most commonplace happenings into engraving material.

As a result, the popular press of the time was enlived with a week-by-week or month-by-month, as the case might be, record of the humors,



HONEYMOON HAZARDS. Bride in a Chicago sleeping car (left) pinned her marriage certificate to curtain of her berth. The *News* explained, "She thought it best to be on the safe side." Below, a broken lock on a ladies' room door divided an eager bride and groom for hours on a Union Pacific train. Caption-writer called this domestic crisis "a dilemma."

horrors, accidents of mischance, romance and overall importance of the steel rail and the flanged wheel that rode it.

It must be remembered that this was a comparatively simple-minded generation, while the cars were new and wonderful and, to some, fearsome devices of quintessential modernity. Not everyone had yet ridden the rails. Countrymen looked forward to their first boarding of the cars as an epic event in lives otherwise drab and pastoral.

Passengers unsophisticated in such matters had to be instructed not to put their heads out the windows on pain of possible decapitation by the passing express; they had to be told that the conductor's train-line was not for hanging garments on.

Missed trains and connections were a source of universal discomfort or hilarity, depending on which side of the train gate you were on. Passengers in wine have been known to board the wrong cars, even as recently as 1954.

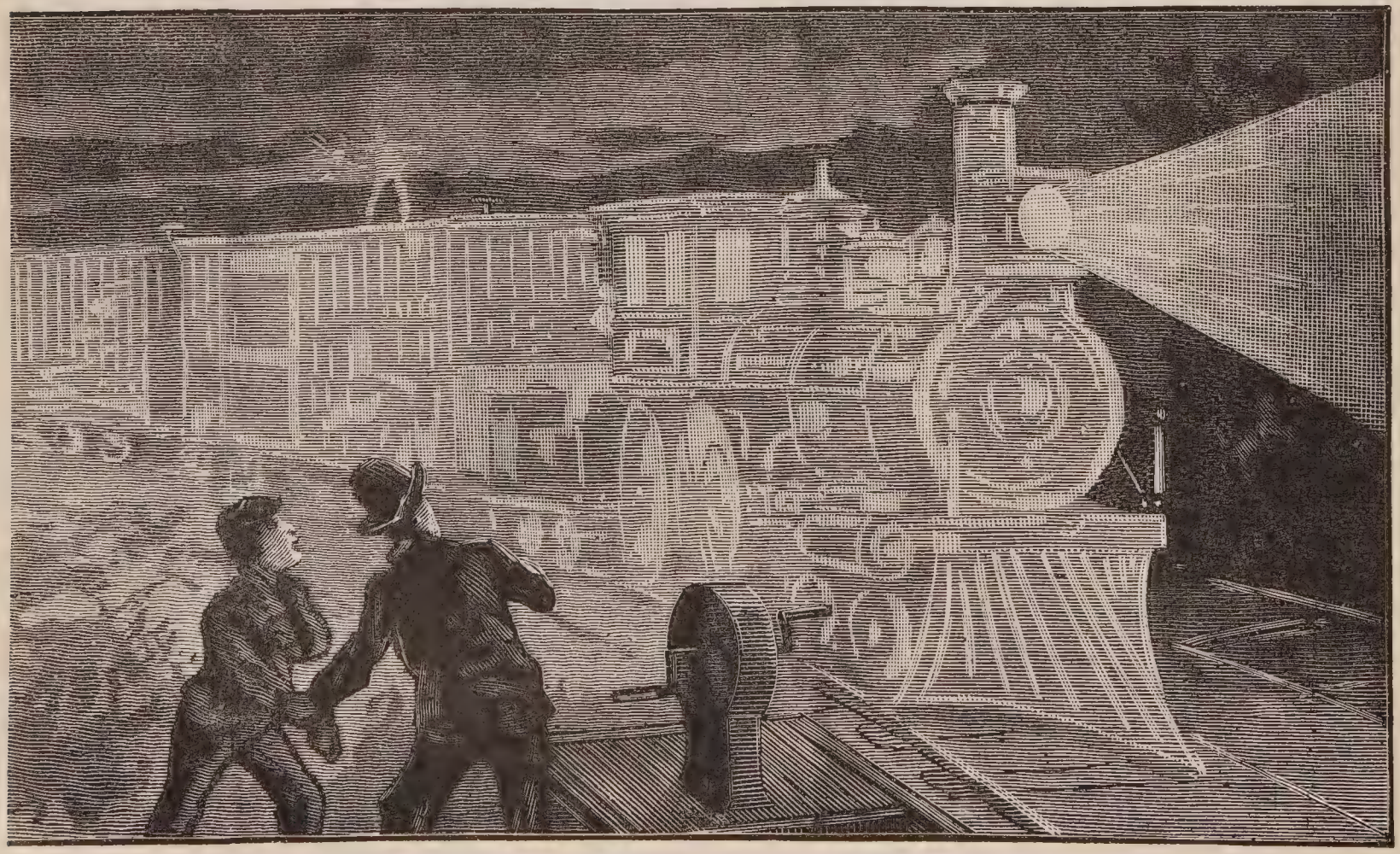
A whole body of folklore grew up around a nation which, for the first time in history, was constantly on the intramural move. The safest place (this was in an age of wholesale catastrophes) to get sleeping space was in the center sections of the car located midway in the train consist. Dining-car food was ornate but costly, and sometimes lethal.

GHOST TRAINS haunted many lines in the old days. Here "Old Engine No. 10" gives startled switchmen on the Hanover & Gettysburg line at Red Hill, Pa., an exhibition of "Spectral Railroading." Nowadays, diesels seem to have pretty much exorcised any remaining phantoms.

The prudent traveler carried with him a shoe-box lunch of home-cooked and therefore irreproachable nutriment, including a banana, an orange, and slice of chocolate cake for dessert. Coffee could be commanded on the cars with reasonable impunity.

Voyaging in the Far West, the adventurer was well advised to stay close to the station platform in Cheyenne, Laramie, Corinne and Promontory. The gamblers who lurked just off the Union Pacific right-of-way in these moral cesspools were uncommonly depraved, and the silk top hat of Eastern respectability was a reminder to pistol practice among the waddies.

The wedding trip to Niagara Falls on the Pullmans became traditional; Atlantic City or Long Branch over the rails of the Central of New Jersey was very fashionable indeed. In June, the day after commencement at Harvard, the proper Bostonians headed for Buzzards Bay via the New Haven or the Old



"TERRIBLE TRAGEDY in the Railway Postal Service." Berserk clerk on car No. 561 at Bangor, Me., stabs a fellow worker "to the heart," and probably to death. Onlooking co-worker seems too surprised to be of much help.

Colony; and every August the private palace cars of the very great were spotted on hotel tracks of the Grand Union at Saratoga.

The great and the lowly alike were partners in a tradition of railroads and railroad travel. The top American fortunes to date, those of two generations of Vanderbilts, had been evolved from a mighty transport monopoly, while others—those of Jim Hill, Leland Stanford, Collis Huntington, Charles Crocker, Jay Gould and Edward H. Harriman—were joining the ranks of arch-millionaires almost overnight. On the other end of the scale, the brave locomotive engineer was the national hero of his age, and cheerful Irishmen were singing as they laid thousands of miles of rail into the howling wildernesses of the West, "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad."

A nation was coming of social and economic age to the tune of a thousand locomotive exhausts pounding in the high passes and across the plains toward continental destiny.

Is it, then any wonder that the nation's periodical press was filled with allusions, in its every issue and often on every page, to the epic of

steel and steam in which everyone was participating?

These random line drawings, none of them destined for immortality either as art or document, were culled from a few copies of a now almost forgotten billiard-saloon favorite, *The Illustrated Police News.* The sum of the railroad pictures in fifty-two issues of this obscure and impious *feuilleton,* if reproduced in their original dimensions, would more than fill to capacity an entire issue of the new and more glamorous *Railroad Magazine.*

For the student of the folklore of railroading in its golden age, the back files of a score of illustrated magazines of the period now gathering dust in the libraries and athenaeums of the land are an as yet unexplored bonanza of potential riches. The nine drawings that have been included here are the merest colors in the pan.

"OSCULATION HIS MANIA—Women in moving trains at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., made victims of a lunatic's passion," commented the *News* on this bearded gentleman with a weakness for the frailer sex. Sophisticated lady at right, however, seems to be waiting her turn. (Below) James Derry, a striker, and an engineer and fireman fire at each other. Labor troubles of late 19th Century sometimes amounted to armed insurrection.

INFORMATION BOOTH

Ask Barbara

RAILROAD QUESTIONS are answered here every month by our research expert—as many as space permits. Top priority is given to subjects that seem to be of wide general interest. Address Miss Barbara Kreimer, *Railroad Magazine*, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. No replies will be sent by mail.

1

Question *What is meant by "'balling the jack"?*

Answer It means running an engine at high speed. The term is derived from *highball,* which signifies "come ahead" or "pick up speed," and *jack,* which is one of the many old slang words for a steam locomotive, seldom used today. The word *highball* comes from the old type of manually-operated signal pictured here. These signals were placed near switches and stations. When the ball was down, it meant stop; when the ball was up, it indicated that the track was clear.

2

Q *Tell me something about the Illinois Central's "marine" division.*

A The IC maintains a "marine" service on its Memphis Division, which includes a mile across the Mississippi River between Helena, Ark., and Trotter's Point, Miss. These operations are via the transfer steamer *Pelican.* (See photo on page 32.) At Helena, freights connect with the Missouri Pacific and the Helena & Northwestern. The side-wheeler *Pelican* takes on freight cars from the Arkansas side of the river. The cars come from Helena industries, the Federal Barge Line, the H&N, and the MP. They are loaded onto the boat down a long incline, with a floating tip which adjusts to the river's height.

The all-steel vessel holds 12 cars and a locomotive, or 14 cars without a locomotive. She is 305 feet long, 91 feet wide, and has a draft of six to eight feet when loaded. For safety she has 47 watertight compartments. On the Mississippi side the cars are pulled off and the boat waits while the locomotive goes to Lula, eight miles away, to pick up cars there destined for Helena. The ship's crew consists of a captain, a pilot, a chief engineer, an assistant engineer, a carpenter, and a number of deck hands, firemen and watchmen, all Illinois Central employes. A much smaller IC craft, the *McBride,* is used by the foreman and carpenter who maintain the inclines and piling clusters for the *Pelican.*

3

Q *What type engine was the Santa Fe's 2192, in service during 1900-'10?*

A She was a 4-6-0 coal-burner with a tractive force of 22,300 pounds. The tender and engine weight was 195,000 pounds; water capacity, 3680 gallons; diameter of driving wheels, 58 inches; diameter of boiler, 64 inches; cylinders, 19 by 28 inches, with side valves.

4

Q *What was the heaviest load ever transported on a single freight car?*

A The heaviest we know of was a 450,000-pound casting, carried from Chicago over the Indiana Harbor Belt of the New York Central and thence over the Milwaukee Road to Davenport, Iowa. The casting—a mill housing used in the fabrication of airplane wings—was moved on a 16-axle heavy-duty flatcar weighing 105,000 pounds, bringing the total weight on rails up to 555,000 pounds. The shipment stood five feet higher than the roof of the average boxcar.

5

Q *Which roads have train hostesses?*

A The Chesapeake & Ohio, the

Lucius Beebe

OLD HIGHBALL SIGNAL at north end of Maine's Portland Terminal, where the Maine Central meets the Boston & Maine, once controlled all southbound traffic.

David R. Connor

BLACK SMOKE billowed high over Union Pacific No. 3691 at Laramie, Wyo., in 1947.

Baltimore & Ohio, the Seaboard Air Line, the Gulf, Mobile & Ohio, the Southern, the Burlington, and the Illinois Central. The GM&O was the first to offer hostess service.

6

Q *What is the significance of heavy black smoke issuing from a locomotive stack?*

A Black smoke is caused by poor combustion in the firebox. It may be due to an inferior grade of coal, a locomotive defect or an inexperienced fireman. Public relations men practically never release photos showing black smoke.

7

Q *I have read that a new type of journal bearing has been produced to help the hotbox problem. How does it function?*

A The new Ironback Journal bearing, brought out by Sperry Rail Service, eliminates the cause of journal "burn-offs" and breakage during overheating. We are told that it operates at lower temperatures because of uniform load distribution. A series of tests have shown that the new bearing also eliminates spread linings, hot spots, wiped babbitt, and deformation under load. Journals supported on Ironback bearings and run without lubrication have functioned for more than 100 miles without structural damage. If they have been overheated, they may be put back into service after simple machining as their steel does not undergo any structural change.

8

Q *What is a scissorbill?*

A The term is applied to either a yard or road brakeman and is not considered complimentary. It also refers to a student in train service.

9

Q *You state in a recent issue that only 15 steam locomotives were built for Class 1 roads last year — which which roads?*

A Norfolk & Western built all 15.

10

Q *What can you tell me about the old Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua?*

A This road was organized in Pennsylvania in March, 1880, to build a three-foot-gage line from Bradford down the valley of Kendall Creek to Simpson, a distance of 18 miles, with a 2.81-mile branch to Bordell from Kinzua Jct. The builders planned the road chiefly to develop a new oil district in northern Pennsylvania. The BB&K was opened for traffic as far as Kinzua Jct. in June, 1880, and shortly afterward was extended from Simpson to Smethport. By the end of the year it was 29.26 miles long and had five locomotives and 77 cars.

In 1882 the Rew City & Eldred was completed and leased to the BB&K, providing a connection with the Bradford, Eldred & Cuba. For a short time the BB&K had an agreement whereby it turned over the freight under its control to the Erie Railroad and deposited a majority of its capital stock with the Erie. The latter, on its part, advanced capital to the BB&K. Similar contracts with other lines were made from time to time.

In 1886, the BB&K opened the Big Level & Kinzua Railroad. A joint traffic agreement between the two roads and the Pittsburgh & Western brought about an entry into the Pittsburgh area. At this time the BB&K was operating 62.32 miles. Unfortunately, deficits began to pile up, and in 1892 the road was sold at foreclosure to a committee of bondholders. Thus another picturesque narrow-gage line became a memory.

11

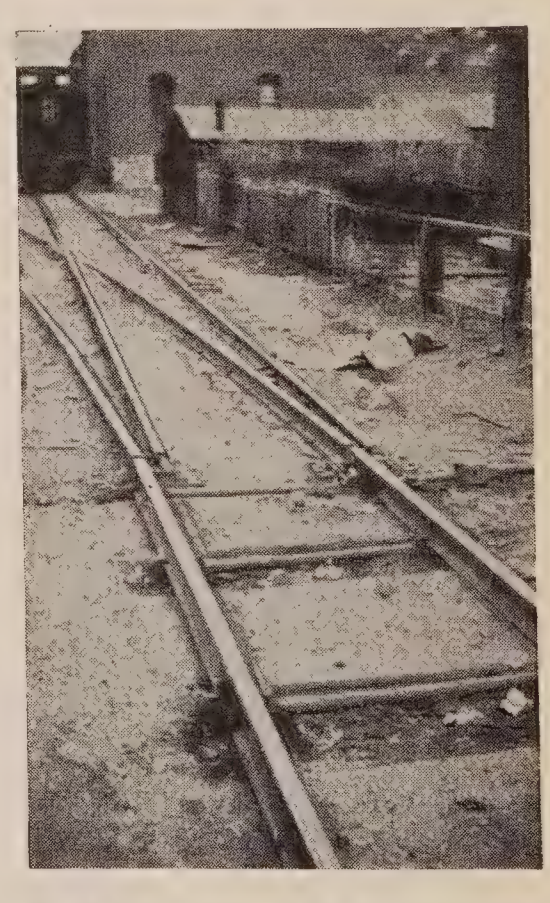
Q *What is the longest railroad run ever made by a circus?*

A The Ringling Bros. & Barnum & Bailey Circus boasts of a 1297-mile trip by rail from Sarasota, Fla., to New York City. However, as many of the performers were in New York for the opening show, the entire company did not make this long hop. The longest journey for a whole company, so far as we know, was made by the Cole Bros. Circus in 1937 from New York to Chicago, 998 miles, via the Erie.

12

Q *How did stub switches operate?*

A Instead of having points, or sharp ends, stub switches had blunt rail-ends, as our photo shows. Stub switches were outlawed long ago. Today the switch has, of course, rail-points and is usually operated by the automatic block system. Stub switches were operated manually.



STUB SWITCH on the old Colorado & Southern at Idaho Springs, Colorado.

SUMMER STOCK on the now abandoned Marion River Carry Railroad in upstate New York was once used to haul canoes and freight across "carry" in Fulton Lake chain. The open cars could be fitted out with crude wooden benches when passenger traffic warranted it.

13

Q *What happened to the former Gulf, Texas & Western?*

A The Frisco purchased this line in 1930. At that time the GT&W had 98.43 miles of track, running between Seymour and Salesville, Texas. In 1940 the big road sold the little one to the Rock Island in exchange of tracks from Rock Island Junction to Ardmore, Oklahoma.

14

Q *Are high speeds as ruinous to steam locomotives as they are to automobiles and buses?*

A That depends upon the type. A steam freight hauler designed for heavy loads at 50 mph would be in poor shape if she were run steadily at 80 mph. However, a passenger engine designed to reach 100 mph speed would not be effected by daily runs exceeding that figure. Of course, any piece of machinery, regardless of its capacity, lasts longer if it is operated at low speeds.

15

Q *What has happened to the Pennsylvania's T-1 locomotives?*

A The T-1 multi-cylinder steamers have now been replaced in service by new diesel-electrics. Of the 52 engines, 44 have been scrapped. The remaining eight, now stored, will be scrapped this fall.

16

Q *What is a "fish horn"?*

A Any diesel horn is referred to as a *fish* horn. The unmelodious sound is likened to the blast of a small horn used by fishmongers peddling their wares in carts through the city streets many years ago.

17

Q *Please give the specifications of the Norfolk Southern's 600 Class Berkshire engines.*

A These were Baldwin-built 2-8-4's with 23½ x 30 inch cylinders, 63-inch drivers, and 250-pound boiler pressure. Each weighed 335,400 pounds without tender. Tractive effort was 49,300 pounds, and booster tractive effort, 11,110 pounds.

18

Q *When was refrigeration first used in shipping freight?*

A In 1857; a shipment of dressed beef was moved out of Chicago over the Michigan Central, using an ordinary boxcar equipped with two interior platforms on which were placed several cakes of ice. Fruit was first transported under refrigeration by rail in 1866 from Cobden, Ill., to Chi-

J. J. Manning

WHITE FLAGS TO OBLIVION. Engine on Middleburg & Schoharie's farewell run gallantly chugs along the last quarter-mile. Line was a popular excursion route in Schoharie Valley, New York State.

Gordon Photos

AMPHIBIOUS ROLLING STOCK? This Canadian Pacific boxcar plunged off a pier in Vancouver, B. C., several years back. Salvager looks hopefully toward his pint-sized tug.

cago, over the Illinois Central. A year later the famous *Thunderbolt Express* started a new business when it became an "all-strawberry" train.

19

Q *What was the old line running between Catskill and Cooksburg, N. Y.?*

A This was the Canajoharie & Catskill, incorporated in 1830 and completed in 1838 along Catskill Creek, a distance of 26 miles. Laid with iron-covered wooden rails, it was operated by horse-power for a while when its locomotive proved defective. The road was soon after abandoned, and although several companies were formed to build a new line along the deserted right-of-way, nothing materialized. In 1880, the three-foot-gage Catskill Mountain Railroad was built. It followed the roadbed of the C&C from Catskill to South Cairo, where it turned off to the southwest.

20

Q *What does the letter "X" before some car numbers mean?*

A Generally, it designates the equipment as being in company service—that is, not for revenue use.

21

Q *What is the history of the Shepaug, Litchfield & Northern?*

A This line, running between Hawleyville and Litchfield, Conn., was chartered in May, 1868, as the Shepaug Valley Railroad Co. It was reorganized in 1873 as the Shepaug Railroad Co., and again in 1887 as the Shepaug, Litchfield & Northern. In July, 1898, the road was merged with the New Haven. At that time it was listed as having 32 miles of line and three miles of siding track.

Running Extra

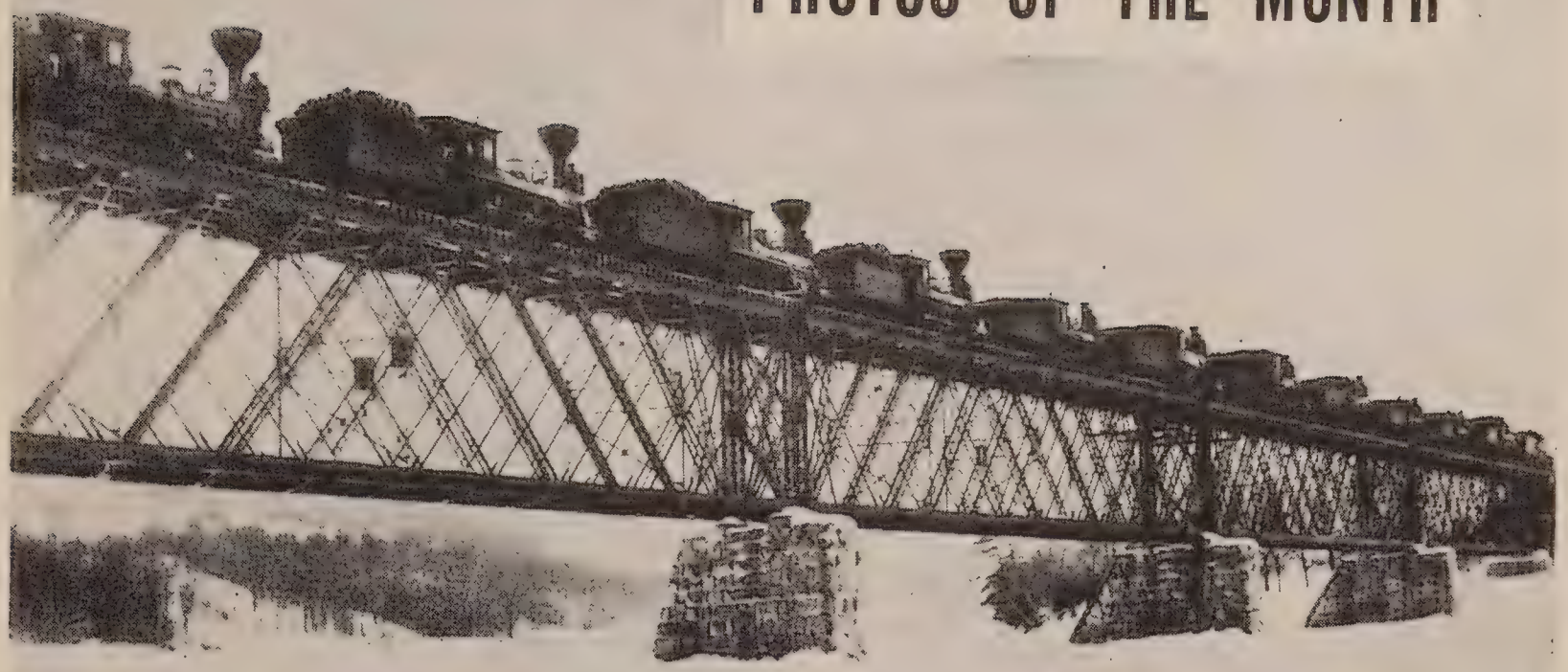
JOSEPH M. PETERS, Ensign, USN, *USS Brant* AMS-43, c/o Fleet Post Office, New York, N. Y., is gathering information on the Capital Transit Company in Washington, D.C., and he is interested in rosters and maps of electric lines. He would appreciate any material readers might have to forward him on CTC cars and buses, including those no longer in service.

Our June *Information Booth* included an item on the world's longest railway platform, that at Sonepur Station in India. David K. Johnson, 3 Roosevelt Ave., Dover, N. H., writes that part of the reason this station platform is so long is because it was designed to accommodate the millions of Hindus who make pilgrimages to the sacred Ganges River, on which Sonepur is located. He adds that he has seen many of India's large stations, and that the one located at Khargpur, an important junction point 72 miles west of Calcutta on the Bengal-Nagpur broad gage line, is 2350 feet long. Khargpur is important strategically, writes Mr. Johnson, because its branch lines serve Bombay, Madras, and large coal fields in the north of India, and is important as a travel route, as it reaches Agra and Delhi, sacred cities also visited by great numbers of pilgrims.

Amos R. Tinkey questions the caption for the picture of Stockton Terminal's No. 3, which appeared on page 80 of the May *Information Booth*. He writes that as far as he knows, this engine was never in service on the Union Pacific. Originally owned by Dolbeen & Carson of Eureka, Calif., continues our correspondent, the No. 3 was used in logging operations. A few years ago the company sold out to the Pacific Lumber Co., which scrapped part of the line and reorganized the rest under the name of Bucksport & Elk River. The line is used in logging near Carson, operating from the Carlotta side of the mountains.

Jim Bond, 340 Monticello Street, San Francisco 27, Calif., writes us asking where he might find and purchase an old box-type headlamp. Perhaps readers can suggest possibilities. Coincidentally, last month's *Information Booth* included a description and drawings of these lamps which are such colorful reminders of bygone days.

PHOTOS OF THE MONTH



Canadian National Railways

12 WOODBURNERS, total weight 854 tons, tested New Hartford bridge near White River Jct., Vt., in 1887.

L. Wylie, electrical engineer, Milwaukee Road

ON THE RIM OF INFINITY. Passengers gaze spellbound at majestic beauty of Cascade Mountains from Super-Dome car of Milwaukee Road's *Olympian Hiawatha* as it rolls swiftly from Chicago to Tacoma.

Illinois Central Railroad

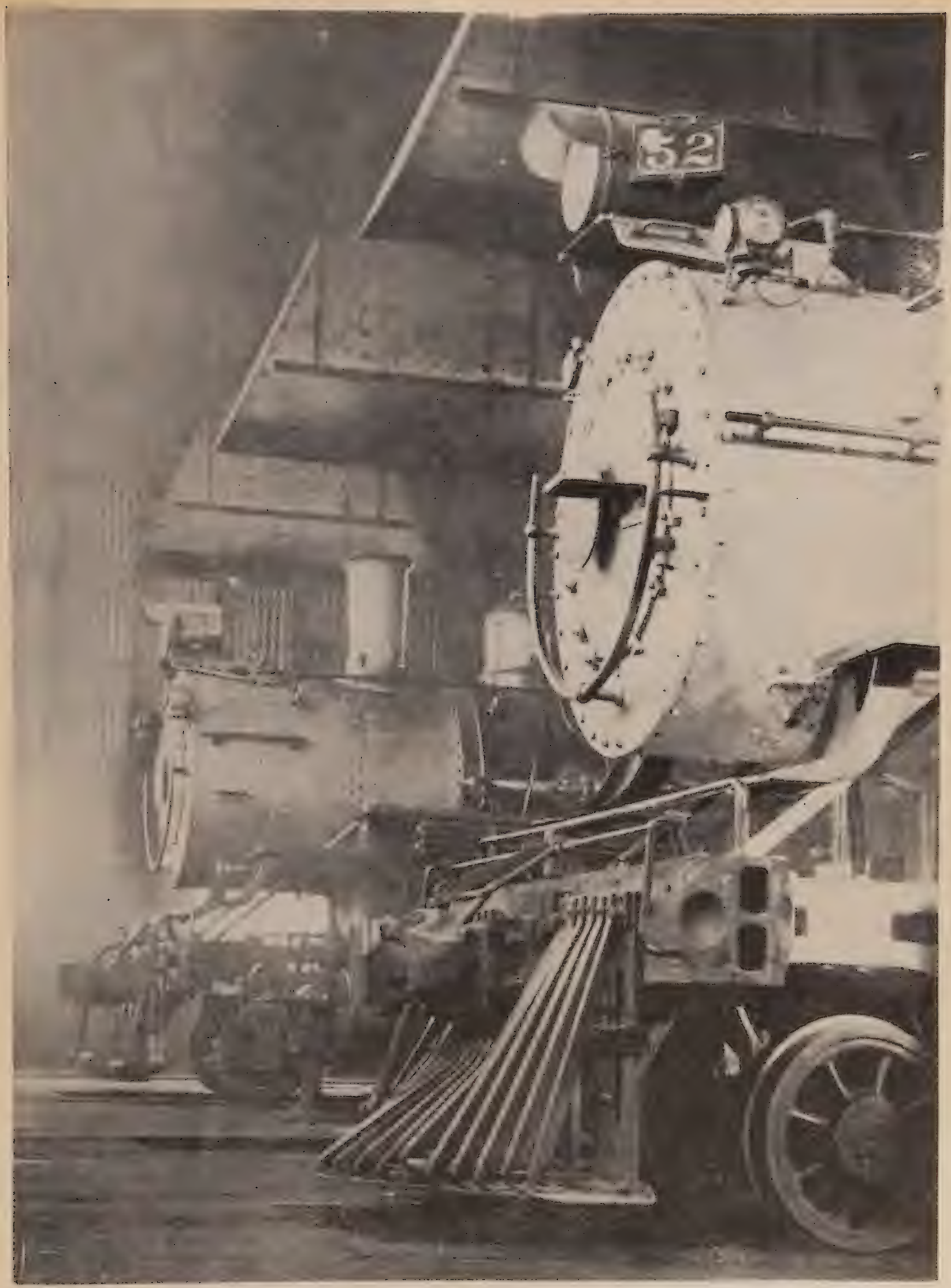
STEAM AND COAL-SMOKE ON THE MISSISSIPPI. The Illinois Central ferries cars across the river between Trotter's Point, Miss., and Helena, Ark., using its own transfer steamer, the *Pelican*, shown at Trotter's Point with locomotive 726.

E. P. Alexander Collection

"MULEY-COW," built by Manchester Locomotive Works in 1881 for the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley, in Nebraska, was designed to eliminate smoke, sparks and cinders. These apparently were caught in the box over the bell.

International News Photos

"ARMSTRONG" TABLE on Belfast & Moosehead Lake in Maine is now turning diesels. Gone is B&ML 20, built by Manchester in 1901. Shown here are Pat Shaw, Chick Page, Clyde Page.



David R. Connor

BROODING GIANTS of Great Western, 51 and 52, Baldwin Consolidations resting after day's work, face sunset in Loveland, Colo., roundhouse, year 1947.

Union Pacific

SKIRTS have been shortened and trains lengthened since the famous *Los Angeles Limited* first went into service on the Union Pacific about fifty years ago. In those days the name-sign was attached to the roof.

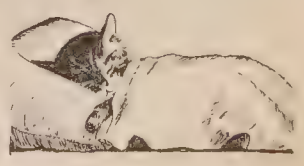
WESTBOUND Canadian Pacific freight emerging from spiral tunnels in the Rockies. To an eagle circling high overhead it must look like a long glistening snake.

Canadian Pacific Railway

Collection of Montague L. Powell

DIAMOND-STACK ON THE PRAIRIE. Passenger train of old Kansas City, Fort Scott & Gulf (now Frisco), pulled by No. 37, stops at Parson, Kansas; date July 20, 1885.

21ST BIRTHDAY cake for *Chessie* is presented by Susan Ersek of Chesapeake & Ohio public relations staff to Robert Seltzer, financial editor, *Cleveland Press*, one of the first newspapers to carry "Sleep like a kitten" advertisement.



THE POWER AND THE GLORY OF VANISHED YESTERDAYS. Snapshot made by Henry R. Griffiths in the summer of 1938 brings back to memory a famous old Colorado & Southern narrow-gage line which was abandoned years ago. Scene is Georgetown Loop in

the Centennial State. Number 65, a sturdy Baldwin built in 1890, is wheeling local freight across the top of the world. You can almost hear the thunder of her exhaust echo through the dizzy canyon. (See next page for specifications and another photo of this engine.)

LOCOMOTIVES of the COLORADO & SOUTHERN

Formed in 1898 of a group of roads extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Rockies, the Colorado & Southern came into the Burlington system ten years later where, with the Fort Worth & Denver City, it still operates as a separate unit. Its 748 route miles, now all standard gage, once embodied a 400-mile network of such famous narrow-gage lines as the short-lived Denver, South Park & Pacific. This roster was compiled by Charles E. Fisher, president of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society.

Narrow-Gage Locomotives—1902[1]

C&S No.	Other Nos.	Builder	Date	Cylinders	Drivers	Engine Weight	Class	Type
1[2]	UP 57	Mason	?[3]	14x16	38	38700		2-6-0
2[2]	UP 62	Brooks	?[3]	14x18	38	47400		2-6-0
3[2]	UP 63	Brooks	?	14x18	38	47400		2-6-0
4-5	UP 109-110	Cooke	1884	15x18	40	64000		2-6-0
6-10	UP 111-115	Cooke	1884	15x18	40	64700		2-6-0
11	UP 116	Cooke	1884	14x18	40	55299		2-6-0
12-13	UP 7-8	Cooke	1884	14x18	40	54000		2-6-0
14[2]	UP 3	Brooks	1882	15x18	38	46000		2-6-0
15-16[2]	UP 5-6	Brooks	1880	15x18	38	46000		2-6-0
17[2]	UP 161	Brooks	1882	15x18	38	52000		2-6-0
18-20[2]	UP 163-165	Brooks	1882	15x18	38	52000		2-6-0
21	UP 156	Brooks	1882	15x18	38	55000		2-6-0
22	UP 162	Brooks	1881	15x18	38	55000		2-6-0
30	UP 190	Baldwin	1880	15x18	37	53745		2-8-0
31[2]	UP 191	Baldwin	1880	15x18	37	53745		2-8-0
32[2]	UP ?	Baldwin	1880	15x18	37	53745		2-8-0
33-36[2]	UP 194-197	Baldwin	1880	15x18	37	53745		2-8-0
37-56	UP 198-217	Cooke	1883	15x18	37	54600		2-8-0
57-62	UP 260-265	Rhode Island	1886	16x18	37	61690		2-8-0
63-70	UP 266-273	Baldwin	1890	16x20	37	66000		2-8-0
71-73	UP 9-11	Baldwin	1897	15½x20	37	70500		2-8-0

[1]Built originally for the Denver, South Park & Pacific and the Colorado Central, later acquired and renumbered by Union Pacific.

[2]Sold prior to June 30th, 1903.

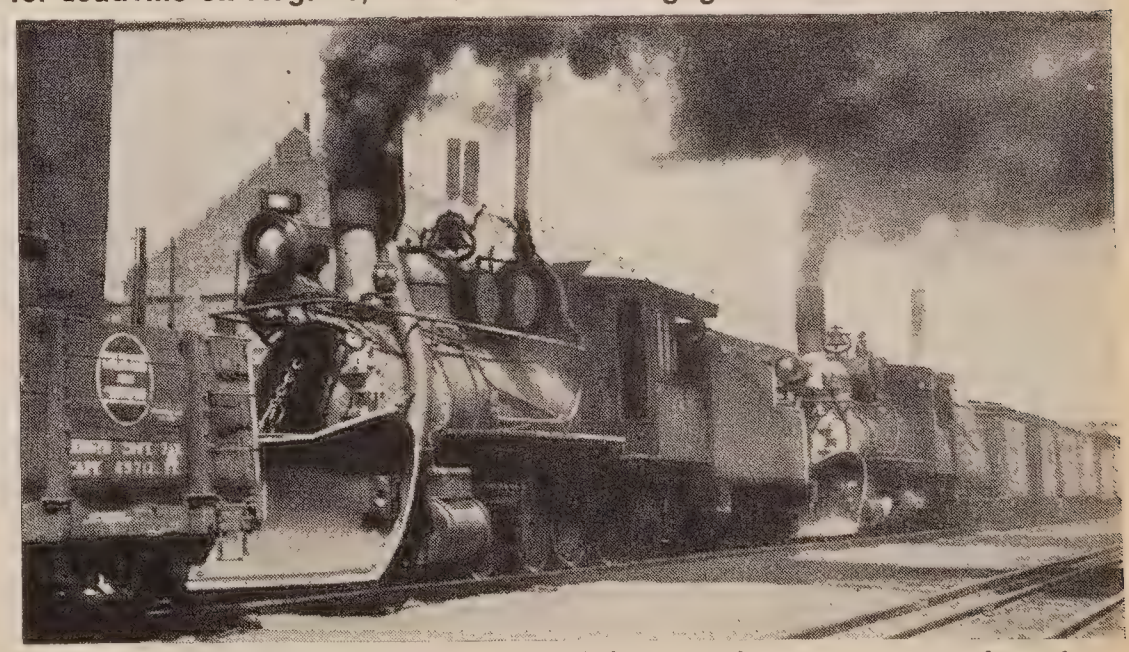
[3]Received in 1882, date of construction unknown.

Standard-Gage Locomotives—1897 to 1943

C&S No.	Other Nos.	Builder	Date	Cylinders	Drivers	Engine Weight	Class	Type
100	UP 395 CCJD11 UP 32	Rogers	1867	16x24	63	67000	C-2g	4-4-0
101-103	UP 538-540 DT&FW 65-67 D&NO 5-6	Rogers	1882	17x24	63	83100	C-2g	4-4-0
104-105	UP 568-569 CC 5-6 UP 160-161	Taunton	1869	17x24	62	74500	C-2g	4-4-0
107	UP 537 DT&FW 64 D&NO 4	Rogers	1882	17x24	63	76000	C-2g	4-4-0
108-110	UP 563-565 CCJD 8-10 UP 29-31	Rogers	1867	17x24	63	77400	C-2g	4-4-0
132	UP 521 DT&FW 111-4	Cooke	1888	17x24	61	81000	C-2L	4-4-0
133	UP 522 DT&FW 113-8	Cooke	1888	17x24	61	81000	C-2L	4-4-0
134	UP 523 DT&FW 118-13	Cooke	1888	17x24	61	81000	C-2L	4-4-0
135	UP 524 DT&FW 120-15	Cooke	1888	17x24	61	81000	C-2L	4-4-0
136	UP 525 DT&FW 121-16	Cooke	1888	17x24	61	81000	C-2L	4-4-0
137	UP 526 DT&FW 122-17	Cooke	1888	17x24	61	81000	C-2L	4-4-0
138	UP 536 DT&FW 123-18	Cooke	1888	17x24	61	81000	C-2L	4-4-0
143	UP 630	Schenectady	1889	18x26	62	99000	C-2S	4-4-0
144	UP ? (Rebuilt 1892)	Hinkley	1867	18x26	69	102100	C-2F	4-4-0
145	UP 830	Hinkley	1867	18x26	69	102100	C-2F	4-4-0
200	C&S 502 UP 1117 DT&FW 125 C&T 27	Rhode Island	1888	17x24	51	82800	A-3b	0-6-0
201-204	C&S 503-506 UP 1112-1115	Baldwin	1890	17x24	51	88000	A-3b	0-6-0
205	C&S 507 UP 1220 DT&FW 151 C&T 20	Rogers	1888	18x24	51	94000	A-3c	0-6-0
206	C&S 508 UP 1221 DT&FW 155 C&T 21	Rogers	1888	18x24	51	94000	A-3c	0-6-0
207	C&S 509 UP 1222 DT&FW 156 C&T 22	Rogers	1888	18x24	51	94000	A-3c	0-6-0

Chicago, Burlington & Quincy

LAST NARROW-GAGE train on the Burlington's C&S lines left Climax, Colo., for Leadville on Aug. 26, 1943. Note double-gage track.



SOUTH PARK LINE once boasted Consolidations, this one equipped to shove aside snow on C&S mountain routes. *Rail Photo Service*

208	C&S 510 UP 1223 DT&FW 157 C&T 23	Rogers	1888	18x24	51	94000	A-3c	0-6-0
209	C&S 511 UP 1225 DT&FW 159 C&T 24	Rogers	1888	18x24	51	94000	A-3c	0-6-0
210	C&S 512 UP 1226 DT&FW 160 C&T 25	Rogers	1888	18x24	51	96000	A-3c	0-6-0
211	C&S 513 UP 1228 DT&FW 162 C&T 26	Rogers	1888	18x24	51	94000	A-3c	0-6-0
212-213	UP 1229-1230 DT&FW 163-164	Cooke	1888	18x24	51	113530	A-3d	0-6-0
214	C&S 206 UP 1216 DT&G 69	Cooke	1888	18x24	51	113530	A-3d	0-6-0
215-216	C&S 208-209 UP 1218-1219 DT&G 71-72	Cooke	1888	18x24	51	113530	A-3d	0-6-0
220-224		Cooke	1906	19x26	51	141920	A-3e	0-6-0
225-231		Schenectady	1907	19x26	51	143200	A-3E1	0-6-0
232-236		Baldwin	1910	19x26	51	151800	A-3E2	0-6-0
250-251	C&S 214-215 UP 1362-1363 DT&G 75-76	Rogers	1888	17x24	56	105000	B-3h	2-6-0
252	C&S 207 UP 1217 DT&G 70	Cooke	1888	18x24	51	96200	B-3j	2-6-0
253	C&S 210 UP 1224 DT&FW 158-34	Cooke	1888	18x24	51	96200	B-3j	2-6-0
254	C&S 211 UP 1227 DT&FW 161-35	Cooke	1888	18x24	51	96200	B-3j	2-6-0
300-301	UP 1037-1038 DT&FW 150, 152 C&T 1-2	Rogers	1887	17x24	56	93400	C-3a	4-6-0
302-303	UP 1039-1040 DT&FW 153-154 C&T 5-6	Rogers	1887	17x24	56	93400	C-3a	4-6-0
304	UP 912 CC 91 UP 91	Baldwin	1868	18x24	56	86300	C-3b	4-6-0
305-308	UP 958-963 CC 12-17 UP 236-258[4]	Taunton	1881	18x24	56	86350	C-3b	4-6-0
309	UP 1408	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
310	UP 1411	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
311	UP 1413	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
312	UP 1406	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
313	UP 1409	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
314	UP 1412	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
315	UP 1405	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
316	UP 1407	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
317	UP 1410	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
318	UP 1414	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
319	UP 1415	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
320-322		Rhode Island	1900	20x26	63	135000	C-3g	4-6-0
323		Schenectady	1902	20x28	67	169500	C-3h	4-6-0
324-326		Schenectady	1903	20x28	67	169500	C-3h	4-6-0
327-329		Brooks	1906	20x28	67	187450	C-3h	4-6-0
330-331		Baldwin	1907	20x28	67	187450	C-3H1	4-6-0
350-354		Baldwin	1911	25x28	69	243300	F-3a	4-6-2
370	CB&Q 2970	Baldwin	1918	27x28	74	276400	F-3b	4-6-2
371	CB&Q 2973	Baldwin	1918	27x28	74	276400	F-3b	4-6-2
372	CB&Q 2965	Baldwin	1918	27x28	74	276400	F-3b	4-6-2
373-375		Baldwin	1922	27x28	69	301070	F-3c	4-6-2
400-401	UP 1364-1365 DT&G 73-74	Pittsburgh	1888	18x24	51	107000	B-4h	2-8-0
402-406[5]	UP 1312-1316 DT&FW 200-204	Baldwin	1889	20x24	51	124400	B-4h	2-8-0
407-411[5]	UP 1317-1321 DT&FW 205-209	Baldwin	1890	20x24	51	124400	B-4h	2-8-0
412-418[5]	UP 1322-1328 DT&FW 210-216	Rhode Island	1890	20x24	51	124400	B-4h	2-8-0
419-421[5]	UPD&G 100-102	Baldwin	1897	20x24	51	138300	B-4h	2-8-0
422	UPD&G 103	Baldwin	1897	20x26	51	126700	B-4m	2-8-0
423	UPD&G 104	Baldwin	1897	19x26	51	126700	B-4m	2-8-0
424-426	UPD&G 105-107	Baldwin	1897	20x26	51	126700	B-4m	2-8-0
427		Baldwin	1899	20x26	51	126700	B-4m	2-8-0
428		Baldwin	1900	20x26	51	142800	B-4m	2-8-0
429	C&S 450	Cooke	1900	19x26	51	144700	B-4m	2-8-0
451-455		Rhode Island	1900	21x28	57	163360	B-4p	2-8-0
501	UP ? DT&FW 19	Cooke	1888	17x24	49	60100	?	0-4-0
520-531		Rhode Island	1903	22½x32[6]	57	206100[6]	B-4s	2-8-0
600-609	C&S 460-469	Rhode Island	1901	22x28	57	194180	B-4r	2-8-0
610-624	C&S 470-484	Richmond	1902	22x28	57	191701	B-4r	2-8-0
625-643		Brooks	1906	22x28	57	193400	B-4r	2-8-0
644-649		Baldwin	1907	22x28	57	194650	B-4R1	2-8-0
700-708		Baldwin	1907	21x28	57	181950	B-4Q1	2-8-0
800-804		Baldwin	1911	26½x30	57	283340	E-4a	2-8-2
900-904		Baldwin	1915	30x32	60	376243	E-5a	2-10-2
905-909		Baldwin	1919	30x32	63	387294	E-5b	2-10-2
910-914		Baldwin	1922	30x32	60	404070	E-5c	2-10-2

[4]*C&S Nos. 305-308 were filled by four out of six engines originally bearing UP numbers distributed between 236-258. Which engines became which, however, is not known.*

[5]*Sold to Trinity & Brazos Valley and assigned Nos. 8-27 in the same sequence.*

[6]*Originally 16 & 28x32 and 178000. These compounds were rebuilt as simple engines.*

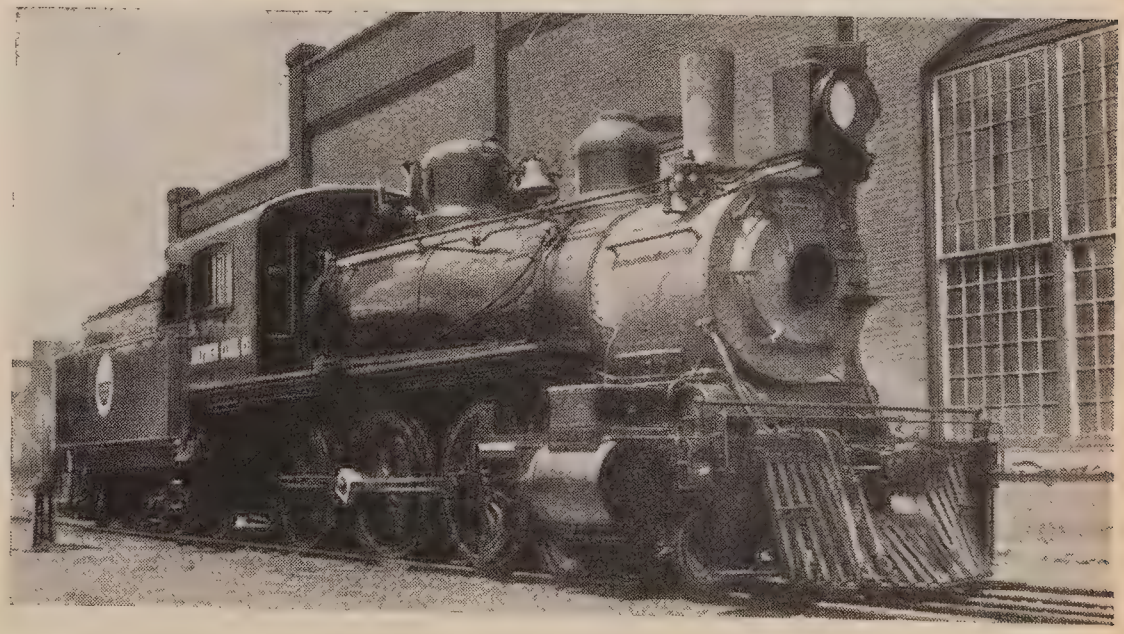
Abbreviations: UP—Union Pacific, 1885 renumbering if above 300, original numbering if below; DT&FW—Denver, Texas & Fort Worth; DT&G—Denver, Texas & Gulf; D&NO—Denver & New Orleans; C&T—Colorado & Texas Railway Construction Co.; CCJD—Colorado Central, Julesburg District; CC—Colorado Central; UPD&G—Union Pacific, Denver & Gulf; CB&Q—Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; C&S—Colorado & Southern.

This roster is based on the 1906 renumbering of Colorado & Southern locomotives. Earlier C&S numbers have also been indicated here on those locomotives that carried them. A question mark indicates that data is unknown.

R. H. Kindig

CRACK PASSENGER No. 374 leaving Colorado Springs for Dallas back in 1939.

OLDTIMERS like this venerable DT&FW Mogul came to C&S in 1898.



R. H. Kindig

PAINT JOB made No. 312 shine for new owner, Hayden Coal Company.

THE BOOMER'S

Those Boys with the Restless Feet Were Artists at Faking a Name, a Service Record, or a Past—and Slinging a Shapely Hasher a Line

TRUE TALE by HAYWIRE MAC

I AM GLAD that I was a wandering shack and switchman. Glad for the wild free days I used to know. Glad for the bag o' tricks that made the world exciting —the phoney service letters, the sight of shining rails from a rear caboose-platform at sunrise, and the brass rings I grabbed at and missed but sometimes caught. And especially glad for the women I met and loved and left far behind along the old boomer trail.

BAG O' TRICKS

Working on more railroads than I can remember was a rich adventure. I guess I have done just about everything in the book. Everything from tying down brakes on a runaway freight to writing a hobo folksong, *The Big Rock Candy Mountains.* Maybe you've heard it? Many a time when I was cold and hungry and broke I twanged a guitar and sang that ditty, among others, in a gin mill or a hash house to earn myself a square meal.

There were weeks and sometimes months in between railroad jobs. You don't always feel like sweating your guts out for your meat, potatoes and beer. A glimpse of freedom is good for the soul. If you have never told a brass collar to go to hell and stick his job up a rainspout or some other place, you haven't really lived. But you can't do that today. The cards are stacked. The famous boomer era is dead. Gone with the wind.

Me, I don't believe in being frustrated. Drain your glass to the bottom, I say. Better do that than decide later on, too late, that life has passed you by. The boys with itchy feet repented of what they *hadn't* done, not what they *had* done. Result: a gallery of memory pictures. A full life. I am getting pretty much along in years now but have no regrets. Would follow the same old boomer trail over again if I could. When the time comes for me to say

good-bye to it all, I will quit the game as a winner.

Of course, there are many things I resented. No boomer liked the demand that railroad companies made for a five-year personal reference before they bestowed upon an applicant the priceless privilege of risking his life and limb for twelve hours a day among the boxcars.

It became our bounden duty to beat this system whenever and however we could. One way of beating the rap was to build up a phoney personal record, which we often did, even when we had no immediate need for it. The ancient custom of "flagging"—that is, working under a fake name—spread so widely that even today a yard conductor commonly asks a new man, "How do you turn in your time?" instead of, "What's your name?"

During my first three or four years on the boomer trail fifty years ago, I had very little trouble with this hurdle. One legitimate railroad reference, if only for a month or so, was enough to set you up as an experienced car-hand. Thus you could duck the unpaid student trip to which greenhorns were subjected. The rest of your five-year period could well have been accounted for by some other line of work. Tradesmen were quite willing to cooperate in fooling the railroads. In my case, I submitted mythical records as a grocery clerk, a teamster, and a house painter. Each reference stood up because it had the okay of the individual or firm before I tried it.

Later on, I sometimes used borrowed identities. I also helped others of the wandering breed by loaning them my credentials. I will never forget that a reckless, blue-eyed, black-haired lad named Jack McGuire from Canton, Ohio, hired out on the Pennsy under my name and shortly thereafter got killed in a train wreck at Wilmerding, Pennsylvania. An uncle of mine read about it in the Pittsburgh papers and went to Wilmerding to claim the body. It wasn't me.

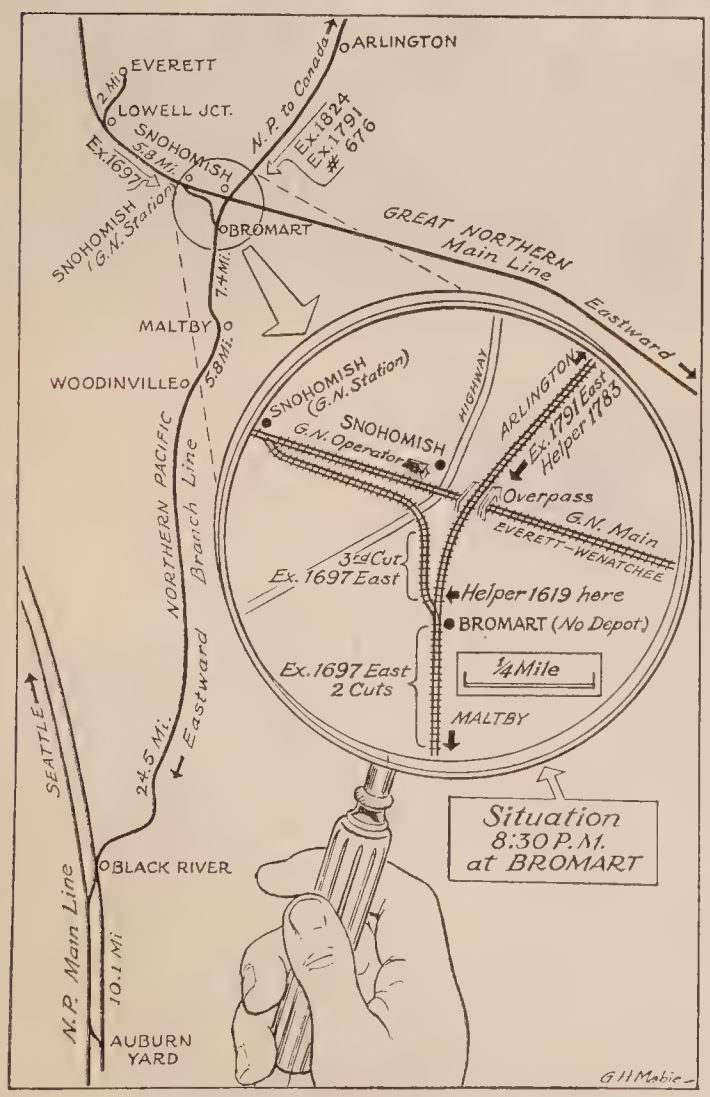
"Who in hell is it?" the cops asked.

I'll give them a big E for effort. They must have written to every railroad in the Midwest, judging from the fact that I ran into a flock of questions every time I applied for an "office" (job) the following year.

ANY GUY who quit railroading permanently with a good personal record of five or more years in the files of any company had a potential gold mine. There were plenty of pikes in those days, especially out West, where as few as two or three years would earn you a promotion to conductor or engineer. And plenty of boomers would pay handsomely for the loan of your

(Continued on page 57)

A BOOK OF RULES PROBLEM



By PETER JOSSERAND

Chief Dispatcher, Western Pacific

SOME OF YOU trainmen might like to try your hand at a rules problem. This one comes from a Northern Pacific freight crew operating between Everett and Auburn Yard, Washington. Their train runs over the Great Northern between Lowell Junction and Snohomish, in the apple-growing country, and thence over a Northern Pacific branch line to Auburn Yard.

The track connecting the "Big G" with the NP at Bromart can hold about 115 cars. From Bromart to Maltby, 5.8 miles, the 1.5 percent grade requires helper locomotives to wheel the freight uphill. The problem deals with NP Extra 1697 East, commonly known as a *triple train*—that is, at least seventy-five cars, and enough tonnage to require three trips if handled by a single engine, or three engines to take the entire train at once.

At Snohomish the crew of Extra 1697 picked up order Number 43, which read:

"Eng 1691 run Extra Maltby to Woodinville. After Extra 1824 East and Extra 1791 East have arrived at Maltby, Eng 1783 run Extra Maltby to Arlington via Hartford; has right over Extra 1697 East No 676 and Extra 1691 East Maltby to Arlington; and wait at Maltby until 805 PM for Extra 1697 East and wait at Edgecomb until 1001 PM for Extra 1691 East. No 676 gets this order at Arlington."

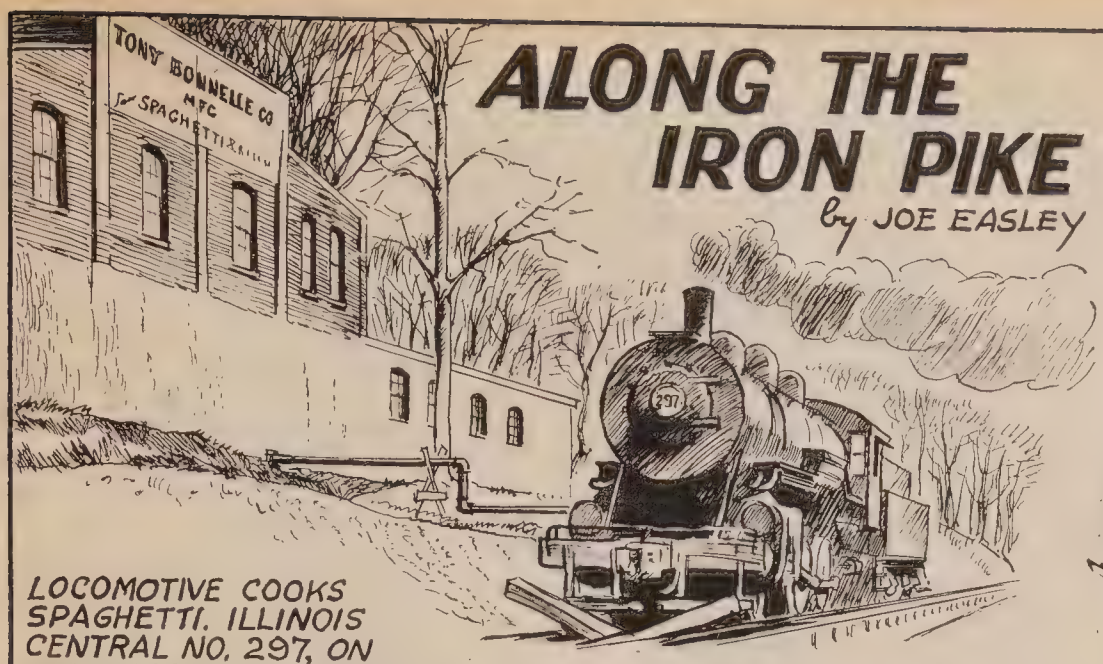
Along with the order, the crew also picked up a message which read: "Dix and Colson use Eng 1619 help Extra 1697 East Maltby with first cut and remain at Maltby. Wait for Eng 1783 arriving Maltby about 900 PM on Extra 1791 East, then take Eng 1783 to Arlington, help No. 676 to Woodinville and tie up.

"McCandless and Darker help Extra 1791 to Maltby, get Eng 1619 at Maltby, run to Woodinville, turn Eng

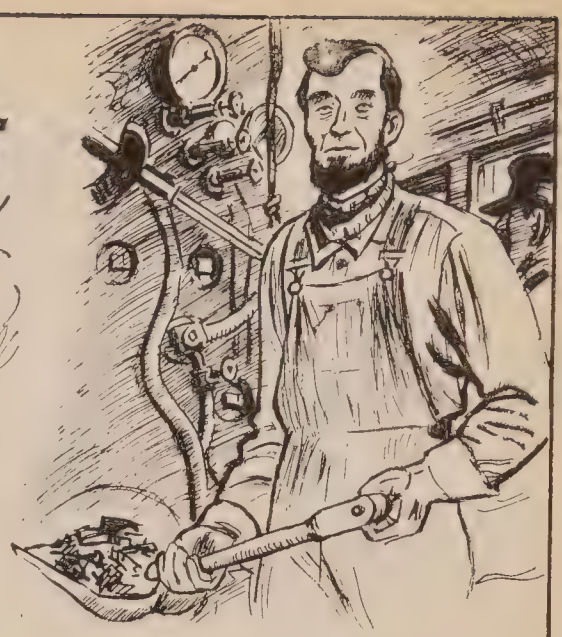
(Concluded on page 61)

ALONG THE IRON PIKE

by JOE EASLEY



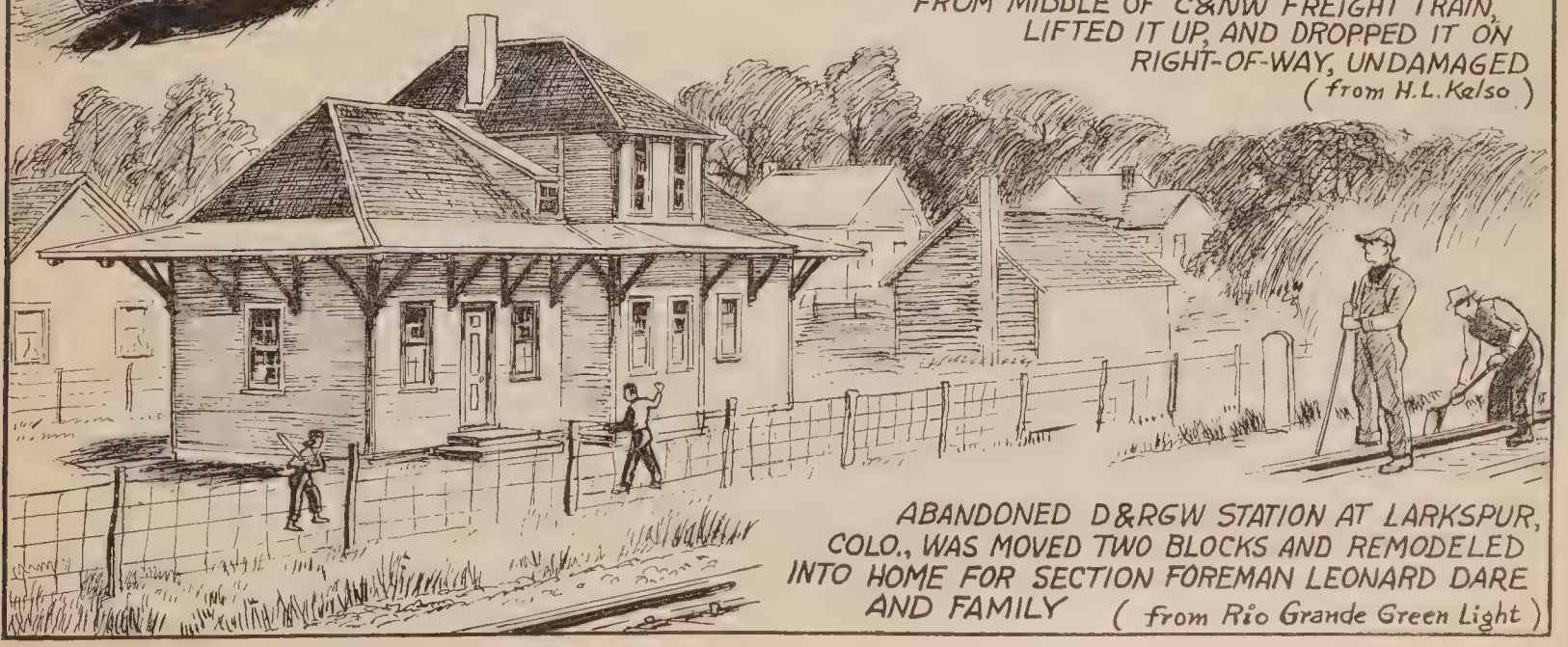
LOCOMOTIVE COOKS SPAGHETTI. ILLINOIS CENTRAL NO. 297, ON L&N PASSING TRACK AT BELLEVILLE, ILL., SUPPLIES STEAM TO OPERATE PLANT WHILE THE LATTER'S BOILER IS BEING REBUILT



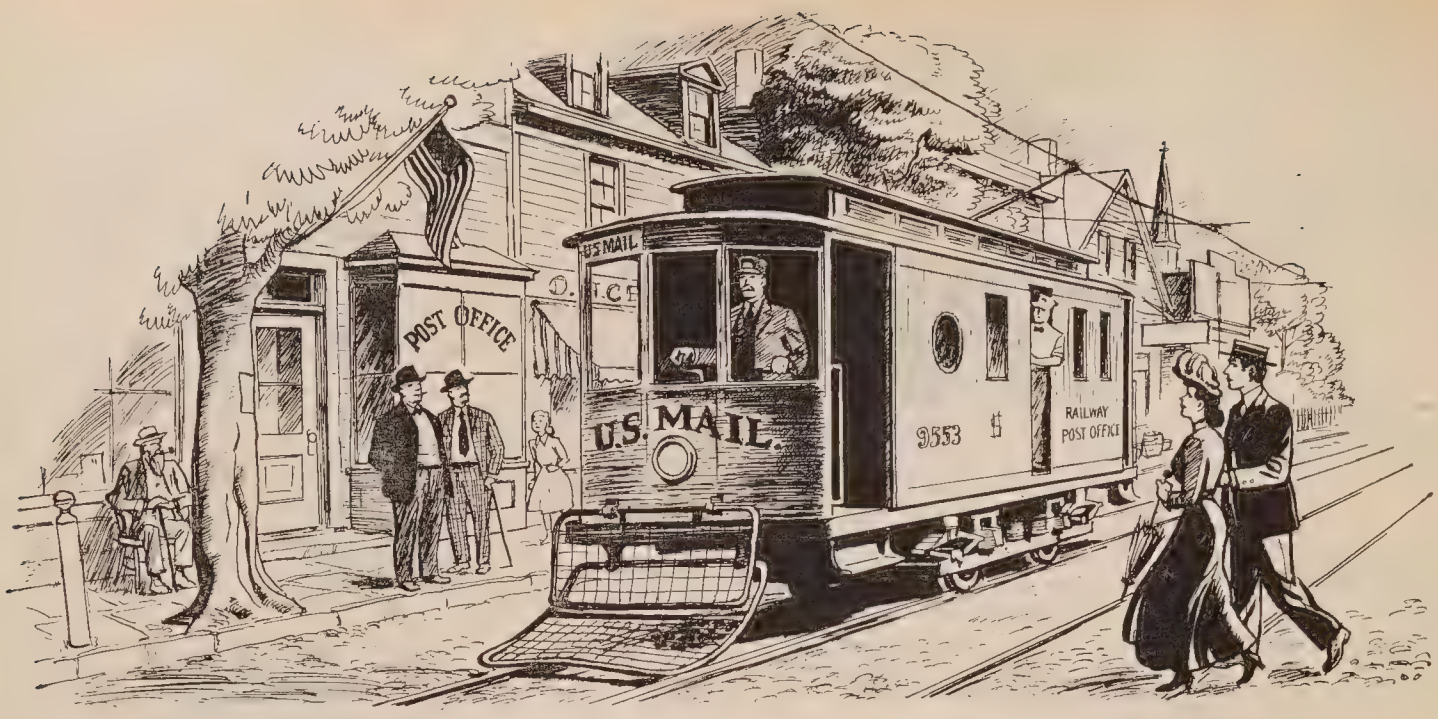
THE LATE ROLAND H. SPEAR, SOO LINE FIREMAN, LOOKED SO MUCH LIKE LINCOLN THAT MEN CALLED HIM "OLD ABE" (from The Soo-Liner)

E.A. CASSIN BUILT HIS HOME OF OLD RAILROAD TIES AND A COUPLE OF TELEGRAPH POLES, A FEW MILES SOUTH OF SAN ANTONIO, TEX., ON ROUTE 281 (from Norman J. Zeisloft Jr.)

TORNADO PICKED SINGLE CAR FROM MIDDLE OF C&NW FREIGHT TRAIN, LIFTED IT UP, AND DROPPED IT ON RIGHT-OF-WAY, UNDAMAGED (from H.L. Kelso)



ABANDONED D&RGW STATION AT LARKSPUR, COLO., WAS MOVED TWO BLOCKS AND REMODELED INTO HOME FOR SECTION FOREMAN LEONARD DARE AND FAMILY (from Rio Grande Green Light)



STREETCAR POST OFFICES

For More Than 20 Years Those Fabulous Trolley and Interurban RPO'S Trundled the Streets of Every Large City in America

by BRYANT ALDEN LONG

GHOST CARS they were called then, and if you should see one today that is probably what you'd be seeing—a ghost from the past. Yet once they were the pride of the old Railway Mail Service, those big white and gold trolley cars, the sides of some emblazoned with a majestic spread-eagle seal and the words *United States Railway Post Office.*

At Baltimore they were an institution. Let's say you are there—some time between the Spanish-American War and the stock-market crash of 1929. You hear a low whirring behind you and you turn around to see a gold and white car. It slows, its doors open with a clatter, and a blue-uniformed figure leaps out. He dashes to a box on a nearby telephone pole, scoops a batch of letters and cards into his satchel, and hurries on after the car, now halfway down the block. You have just seen the Railway Post Office make a catch on the fly.

In those days, at Baltimore and a dozen other cities, the street RPO was a commonplace. Around 1913, by no means a peak year, the United States alone had 569 electric and cable car routes covering 7,641.12 miles.

The trolley RPO, born in the early '90s, was the brain-child of an enterprising St. Louis postmaster, Major James B. Harlow. That idea of putting a post office on wheels was not new. They had been in operation at least since 1874, when, according to tradition, the postmaster of Ontonagon, Michigan, found a nest of mice in a pouch of long-delayed mail. Young ones had been born while the mail was in transit. As a result of his complaint, Assistant Postmaster George B. Armstrong of Chicago inaugurated the first permanent steam-powered RPO.

Long before this, a patent had been taken out for collecting and conveying mails to city post offices by "street railway cars"—in 1862, this meant horse-cars. However, nothing came of it until 1890, when closed-pouch mail was first handled by trolley on Minneapolis-St. Paul inter-city lines and on New York's Dunkirk & Fredonia Railway. Between 1862 and 1892 a revolution had taken place in urban transportation. As far as anyone could tell, the streetcar was here to stay.

Major Harlow figured that if railroads could carry, sort and distribute mail with increased efficiency and speed, as well as less expense, streetcars could, too. So in August, 1891, he began tentative experiments with closed-pouch service on two short St. Louis electric routes. He used a motored car and trailer, together with a passenger car that ran on ahead ringing its bell to warn substations to get their mail ready. The results were encouraging.

A few months later, when the 18-mile, narrow-gage steam line between St. Louis and Florissant was electrified, Major Harlow experimented again. This time he tried a standard 34-foot open-platform trolley car, in which were installed a work table, pouch racks and a letter case. To Harlow's delight, the operation saved a lot of time and money. He estimated that $12,000 a year could be saved on clerical work alone.

John Wanamaker, the Postmaster General at Washington, followed the experiments with interest and gave his approval. By the end of 1891, the first regular trolley-car mail service had been established.

But the St. Louis & Florissant was a suburban run. Not until later did the first urban street RPO appear. On February 3, 1893, St. Louis transit lines were reorganized so that city mail could be sorted by street address along the routes between stations and the main post office.

That same year, what was apparently the first street railway postal cancellation was introduced: ST. LOUIS, MO., STREET R.P.O. NO. 1. Also that year, in a dramatic test, a letter was posted at a substation, sorted, transmitted, and delivered —all in less than an hour! That was much faster than the U. S. mails do today.

Soon the new RPO cars were carrying on the average a thousand pounds of mail daily—nearly seven times as much as the old steam route had. Within three years, St. Louis boasted a network of forty-seven RPO and closed-pouch routes. One observer called it "the best mail-collecting system in the world."

In 1895 an Act of Congress made all street railways into postal routes. By 1898 America had forty RPO lines employing 112 clerks. There were two distinct types of route—the CP, or closed pouch, in which a trolley simply hauled closed mail pouches from one point to another without sorting them, and the RPO.

The latter had a variety of functions. It carried the mail between main post offices, substations and railroad terminals. It delivered mail made up for distribution to carriers along the route. It collected mail from substations, carriers, other RPO cars and letter boxes. And it canceled and sorted all the mail it took aboard.

Often RPO's also transported the carriers to the beginnings of their routes. The men used the RPO facilities to arrange their mail for delivery. Many cars had letter drops in their sides for public use; and in some cities the cars stopped, as a special service, in front of important business houses to take on mail. One ill-starred Chicago clerk was regularly swamped with seventy-five pouches of mail at a correspondence-school stop.

For the use of each car, the Government paid the railway company four dollars a day, which included the wages of the motorman and his conductor, or trolley-boy, who reset wire-jumping trolley poles and fixed switches.

AS SOON as the St. Louis experiment proved a success, RPO streetcars began to spring up all over. The Brooklyn City Railway operated the second RPO in the country, beginning in 1894, but substituted a smoker for the baggage compartment that customarily shared the RPO's white car. Baggage space was probably not much in demand, anyway, since this first Eastern RPO was bound for the seaside resort of Coney Island.

FAST MAIL. This speedy Exeter, Hampton & Amesbury trolley ran between Amesbury, Mass., and towns in New Hampshire around 1900. Most "electric" post offices carried passengers or baggage as well as mail. The clerk's "apartment" was fitted out with letter case, work table, and pouch rack for sorting and distributing mail.

Stanley O. Bean

Not to be outdone, Manhattan set up its first RPO on the Third Avenue Railway in 1895—a Brill trailer pulled by moving cable in an underground slot — between the Bowery and 190th Street. These new cable cars eliminated 951 daily direct pouches that the steam-powered elevated railway had been carrying. Five years later, Third Avenue set a new pattern for RPO's, when mail tubes and electrified elevateds, carrying closed pouches, put the little Brill cable cars out of business.

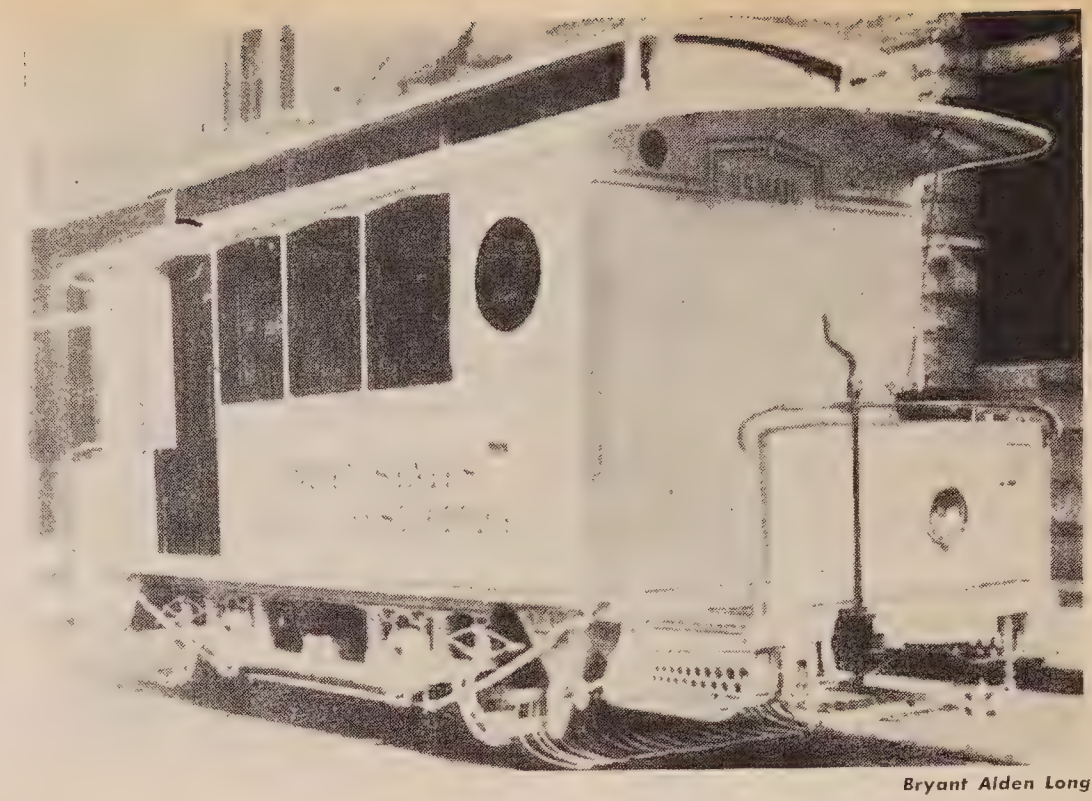
During the next twenty years, at least a hundred ornate white and gold ghost cars trundled over all large American cities except Detroit and Los Angeles. San Francisco's famous Market Street cable lines carried RPO's for a few years—until 1904. But closed-pouch service held on long enough for one car to be caught in the jaws of a yawning street crevice during the great earthquake and fire of 1906.

Washington, D. C., boasted the only horse-drawn post office in RPO history. That occurred in 1897, when a powerhouse burned down and the Capital Traction Company used horses on its Pennsylvania

RPO CANCELLATIONS are collector's items. Pittsburgh had only one streetcar post office.

Avenue line for a few months. In Pennsylvania, the Doylestown & Easton (Phila. & Easton Ry.) was the only line to have the words *Electric Post Office* stenciled on its RPO compartments. Chicago had a "Millard Avenue line" that never ran on any part of Millard Avenue, while Seattle put in a route it perversely but precisely named Seattle & Seattle—a loop line (Seatt. Mun. Ry.).

In their great days, these hundreds of RPO's reduced streetcar mail operation to a science, developing extensive night "circuits" to cover a wide area, clearing letter boxes on the run, and postmarking the trip's receipts with a portable



Bryant Alden Long

END OF THE LINE. Last RPO to travel city streets was Baltimore's United Railway & Electric's Towson & Catonsville. The UR&E made streetcar mailroading a fine art, even made catches on the fly, but closed down in 1929.

canceling machine or a neat hand stamp. In one peak year, the RPO's put in some 1,745,000 miles of travel.

The Canadians also experimented with electric post offices. In 1894, the Ottawa Electric Railway introduced a single-track trolley, the first of three, which it used apparently to carry mail pouches between three central points in the city. Special sidings were set up for loading or unloading.

Ottawa cars had a majestic bearing as they traveled back and forth between their stations. Number 1, known as *Victoria Regina,* bore her majesty's VR insignia and royal crown on both sides and ends. The company, taking advantage of its contract, stenciled *Royal Mail* on all sorts of equipment. Under Canadian law, any vehicle lettered *Royal Mail* had the right of way over all others. This company was the first—and probably the only—electric line to relinquish its mail contract to horse-drawn wagons; the new mail carrier was a transfer company.

Chicago's RPO system, the largest in the United States, got off to an early and somewhat stormy start in November, 1895. Aldermen nearly passed an injunction against the postal service on the ground that the plan was a capitalistic plot to prevent the traction men from striking. Mayor Swift eased the difficulty by issuing special RPO permits different from those used for regular passenger trolleys.

Chicagoans, on the occasion of the first run, saw in the new RPO a step toward economic democracy. "The poor man," proclaimed an orator, "will be able to have his letters delivered as quickly as by special messenger." But the first carried no mail. The lead car was occupied by politicians, while the clerks pretended to work with dummy pouches.

Mayor Swift's solution paid off. Whenever transit strikes took place in Chicago, the postal cars continued to run unmolested—so much so, in fact, that some traction companies began to paint their cars to match the RPO's—a practice which postal officials soon stopped.

The great Baltimore system, most remarkable of them all, began in 1897. On its three efficient main lines, mailroading became a fine art. Baltimore cars had blue as well as the usual gold decorations and bore circular glass monograms reading U.S.M.

Both local and express RPO's converged at five o'clock every morning on the central post office.

There clerks unlocked them and began the recurring runs that would last until midnight. Finally, in 1929, automobile traffic ended this, the last and oldest streetcar post office system in the United States. An era had passed.

But its passing came as no surprise. As early as 1898, Captain James E. White, general superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, began to transfer the control of streetcar post offices to local postmasters in the hope that each system could best work out its own problems.

For even then, while the service was expanding, streetcars had their limitations. Runs were too short to permit much mail distribution. Moreover, clerks were kept so busy receiving and handing out pouches at the frequent stops that they had little time to sort and cancel incoming mail. Worse, every fire, parade, traffic jam and breakdown disrupted the schedule.

Inevitably came abandonments. Philadelphia, for instance, had gotten so excited about her RPO that she'd had a spacious new car specially designed and built, called the M-1, but failed to get her U.S. Mail contract renewed. By 1915, there was scarcely a city of any size in the whole country that had a route in operation.

BUT THE end of the street railway post offices marked the flowering of interurban RPO's. After the first World War there arose a demand for fast mail service. It sometimes took nearly two days for a letter to travel the roughly twenty miles between Fort Wayne and Garrett, Indiana, until the Post Office Department established an RPO on the interurban Fort Wayne & Northwestern and reduced the time to a few hours.

Later, the Fort Wayne & Northwestern became a part of the Indiana Railway, the core of a network over which one could travel from central New York State clear into the heart of Wisconsin or down into Kentucky. Its interurban RPO's were as impressive as any ever devised. The Fort Wayne & New Castle run, for example, used a 50-ton, 61-foot combine, dwarfing even standard coaches, that was divided by bulkheads into passenger, motorman's and RPO compartments, connected by two-foot creep doors.

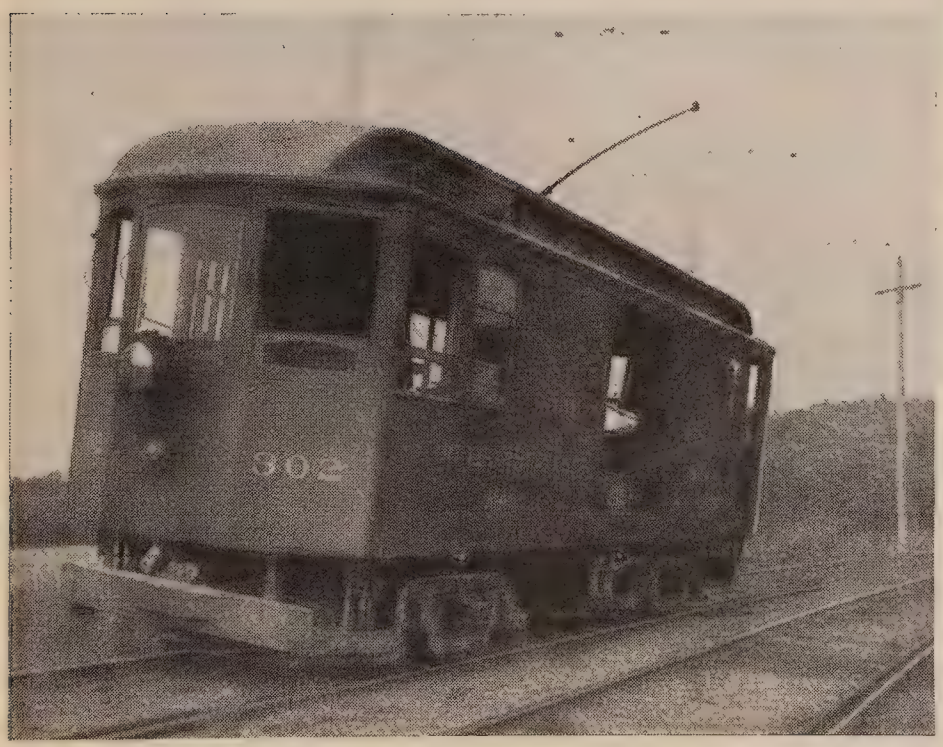
A typical winter run on the Fort Wayne & New Castle RPO was something to remember. One observer still recalls how it was—the dark bulk of Car 376 at five A.M. looming beside Fort Wayne's one bright spot, the interurban station. Then a huge pile of pouches was loaded into the RPO, and the car pulled out with a screech of wheels on frozen switches and tore along at 65 miles an hour through the snow-covered countryside at dawn, stopping for breakneck exchanges with mail messengers at way stops.

Sometimes the weather was so cold the canceling ink froze! The clerk in crushed hat, sweater, and overalls would scoot through the "doghouse door" to chin with the conductor. Finally, there would be that last exhilarating downgrade run as the big car coasted into New Castle court house at eight A.M.

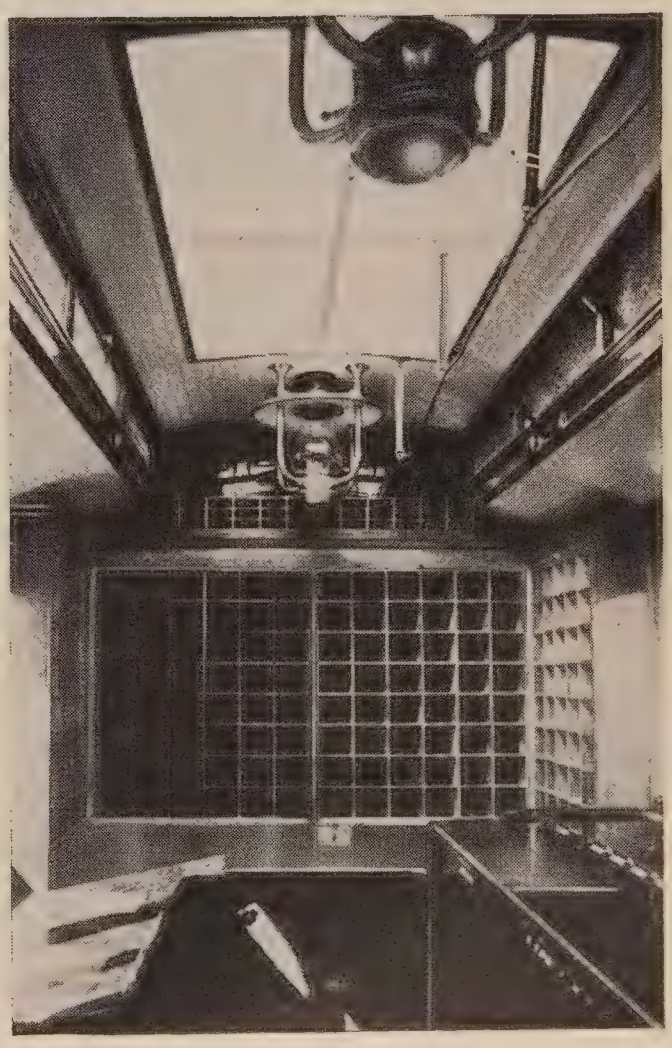
But even this speedy and efficient run was given up when the Indiana Railroad abandoned all its lines.

Earl Moore

MAIL CAR was crowded but convenient. Busy clerks worked by light of acetylene lamp to get mail ready for outshipment at next stop.



MUSEUM PIECE. This old Providence & Bedford trolley, Union Street RPO, is being renovated to run again on Branford Electric, a railfan outfit, in Short Beach, Conn.



Earl Moore

PROPER BOSTONIANS rode this elegant mail-passenger car on old Elevated. Boston was third city in the United States to use the big white and gold cars.

Two famous routes were on the thirty-two mile Spokane, Coeur d'Alene & Palouse on the Great Northern's "Inland Empire" interurban division, known locally as *The Greenacres*. One eventful run inspired substitute clerk Adrian B. Dodge to verse. Dodge was busily at work one day in his "apartment," as the RPO space is called, when the trolley pole jumped the wire and caught in one of the hangers overhead, forcing the lower end of the pole down through the roof into the car. Said Dodge of the trolley pole,

> It gives the clerk a mighty queer feeling
> As it pokes its way through the express-car ceiling!

R. V. Mills

GHOST CAR. When Portland, Ore., cars gave up their duties to trucks, No. 1500, probably a CP carrier, finished out her days as a hearse.

INTERURBANS had their great days as mail carriers after streetcars eased up. This Indiana Railroad car served New Castle, Ind., until the line collapsed in 1941.

Stephen D. Maguire

The Greenfield & Springfield RPO was established in 1901 at the insistence of Massachusetts newspapers. No steam trains ran in the early morning to up-valley points and, until the G&S came into being, news companies had no quick way of getting their papers to remote subscribers. The cars delivered newspapers direct to dealers, and exchanged pouches with other cars by "matching doors" at sidings.

Remarkably, this busy little RPO was a one-man run, and a unique

one. Clerks Simpson and Quilty used to sort out city mail for postal stations or carriers in Springfield and Northampton by street address. This they did while still on the run many miles away—probably the only electric interurban RPO ever to do so.

Until 1938 California had a unique combination trolley and boat run, the Calistoga & San Francisco RPO. The route was by rail from Calistoga to North Vallejo, and then by ferry into San Francisco. Once a clerk in charge of the 41-mile route was suspended for a day without pay for some minor infraction of rules. Through a mistake, the suspension occurred on a day when the clerk was due to work—usually pay was withdrawn on layoff days. So the clerk promptly vanished into the hills for a vacation while mail piled up all day on trolley and boat and the company officials fumed helplessly.

The greatest interurban of them all, Pacific Electric, had innumerable RPO routes out of Los Angeles, but its most famous were the relatively recent loop lines to San Pedro and Venice. All Pacific Electric RPO's are gone now. The last died in 1950.

Thus the interurban RPO's followed their streetcar predecessors into history (although closed-pouch service is still maintained here and there on a few scattered trolley routes).

But there are two exceptions. One is the Long Island Rail Road's New York & Far Rockaway multiple-unit electric RPO line. The other is the Summit & Gladstone RPO in New Jersey. The latter, a 22-mile DW&W route, is the shortest run of its kind to be found in the United States today.

Any weekday morning at 7:46, you can see the mail pulling out of Summit, bound for the towns beyond the hills. In the tiny compartment just behind the motorman, a railway mail clerk busily sorts letters for the towns along the way—Bernardsville. Far Hills, Gladstone. She vanishes then from sight, a relic of a unique and fascinating period in transit history.

describes himself as having "been employed in the electric railway industry for over ten years."

* * *

SCHOOL DAYS. According to the St. Louis Public Service Co., it takes 240 hours or about 28 days of classroom and on-the-vehicle training to qualify a St. Louis streetcar motorman.

* * *

SOUTH AFRICA. Johannesburg, at last reports, was seeking the services of a new general manager to control a vehicle park of 420 doubledeckers—168 trams, 123 trolley buses and 128 buses. There isn't much local talent. Of 2,415 employes, 1,665 are Europeans. Of a population of 791,000, non-Europeans comprise 56 percent.

Barney Neuberger

RESURRECTED! In 1943 it took $10,000 to restore this car that served on Chicago's first RPO route back in 1895. She was last operated in 1947.

TRANSIT TOPICS

By TED SANCHAGRIN

NEW TITLE. Along with *Railroad Magazine's* new, bigger size, this department's name is changed to what we think is a better title than *Carbarn Comment*. It was suggested by H. W. Ruschmeyer, 2392 Valentine Ave., New York City, who

IMPROVEMENT. On Philadelphia's main streets there has been a complete parking ban for over a year between 8:30 a.m. and 6:30 p.m. The results: Not only has the number of accidents fallen, but the speed of commercial vehicles has risen 21 percent.

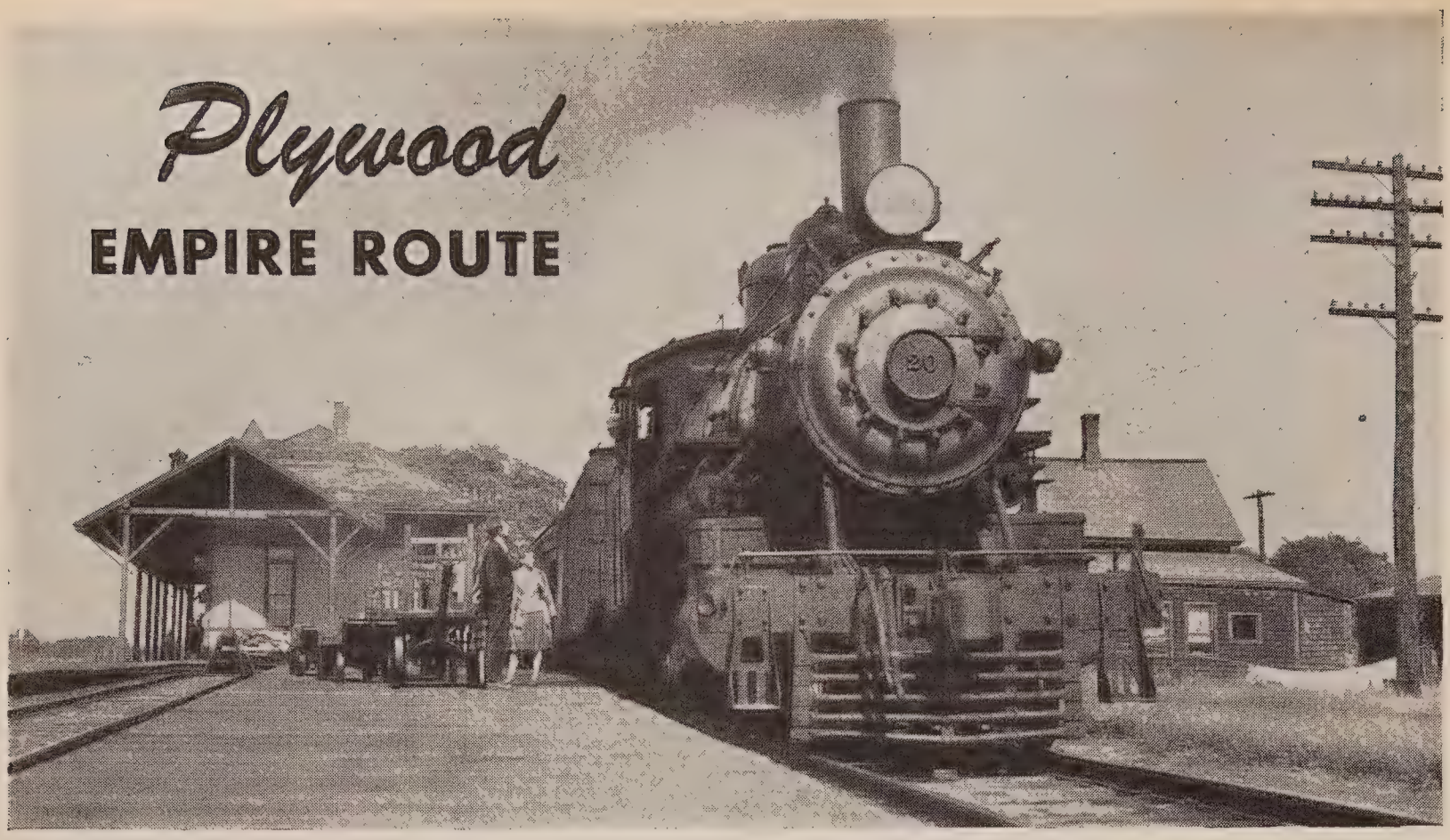
* * *

CREDIT SLIP. To get shoppers to use public transportation at slack hours, the Baltimore Transit Co. has tested credit slips for 60 days, reports *Advertising Age*.

The new gimmick, tried out in May and June, between 10 a.m. and 3 p.m., consists of slips worth 10 percent of the purchase price on some articles and services listed on the back of the slip.

(Continued on page 78)

Plywood EMPIRE ROUTE

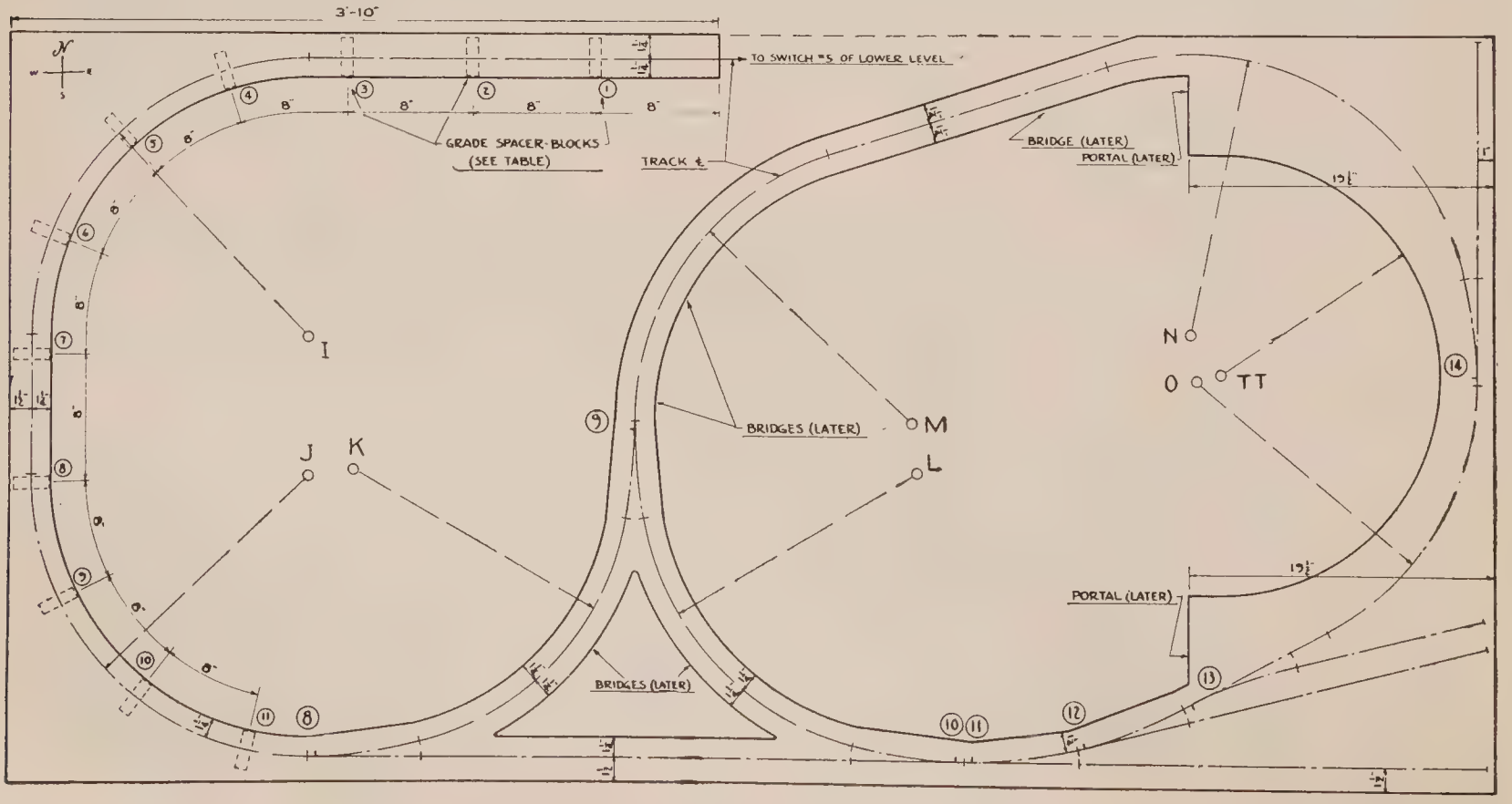


By PAUL N. WHITE

A COUPLE of years ago, when William White took over the New York Central System, the second largest railroad in the United States was in pretty sorry shape. So the first thing he did was overhaul the road's thousands of miles of roadbed—cleaning ballast and relaying track, getting rid of the bumps and kinks and jolts that play hob with smooth train operation.

And so, since one of the major differences between model and full-scale operation is simply a matter of size, it's just as important to you, as it was to the Central, that the roadbed of your *Plywood Empire Route* be carefully laid.

We made our upper level platform out of a 4′ x 8′ sheet of ¼″ plywood. If you use odd-size plywood pieces, the laying out job is a little more difficult. You'll have to set the pieces on the floor, cut, fit, and clamp them together in order to draw in the necessary pencil lines. The upper platform is comprised partly of a ramp leading up from the lower level; the remain-



UPPER LEVEL PLATFORM

der is at level grade, exactly 3" above lower level. The grade of the ramp is ¼" in every 8", about a 3.1 per cent grade. This is fine for the size trains operating on this layout; the engines will climb right up them with no "hard going."

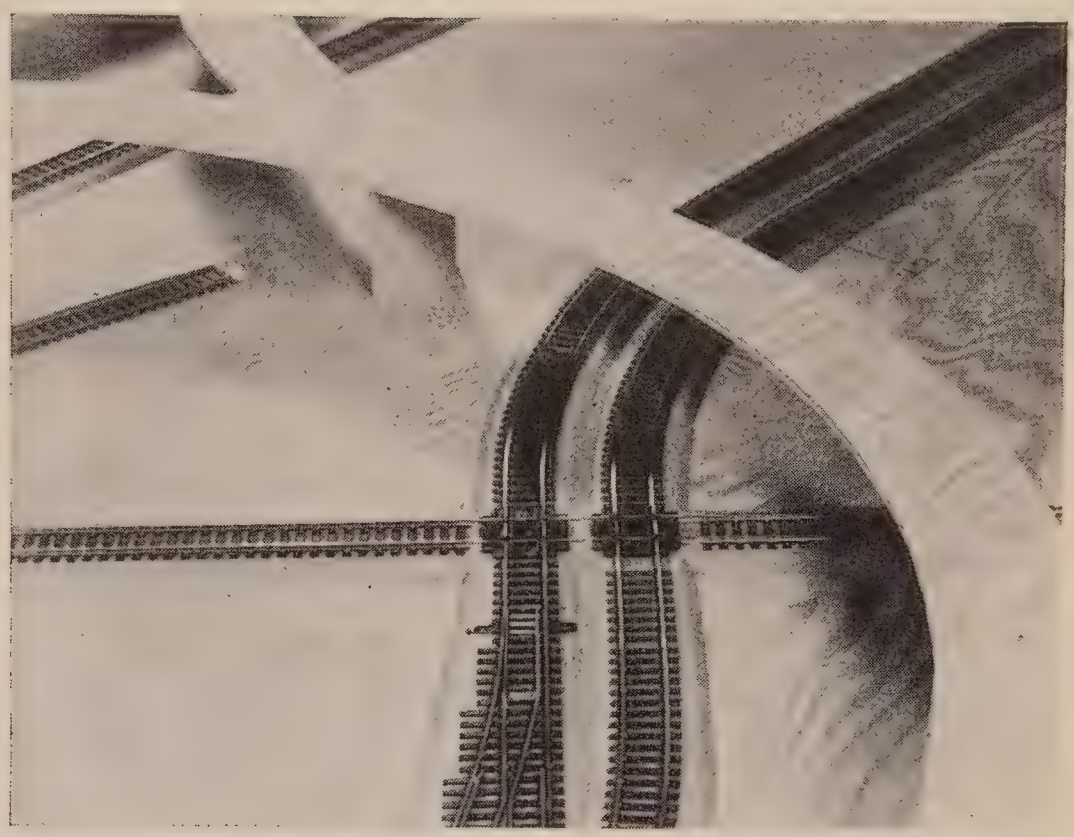
In laying out the upper level, first locate the centers of all curves according to the Table of Center Points, at the same time checking with the plan. Note that point TT is the center-point of the turntable on the lower level. Swing curves with a trammel and connect with tangents as shown.

Using a keyhole saw, or power-driven saber saw, carefully cut out all sections of plywood as indicated on the plan. Don't cut the plywood closer to the track center-line than 1¼", except at the "northeast" corner. After cutting the plywood, lay the sheet on the lower level. There are sections that cover lower level track at several places but later on we will locate bridges at these points. Cut a number of spacer blocks, 2¾" high, and spot them around so that they elevate the upper level above the lower. Use your own judgment as to where to position them as you will probably have your own ideas regarding scenery, so their location is a matter of choice. Keep them away from the bridges as they can interfere with the bridge abutments. Nail these in place temporarily.

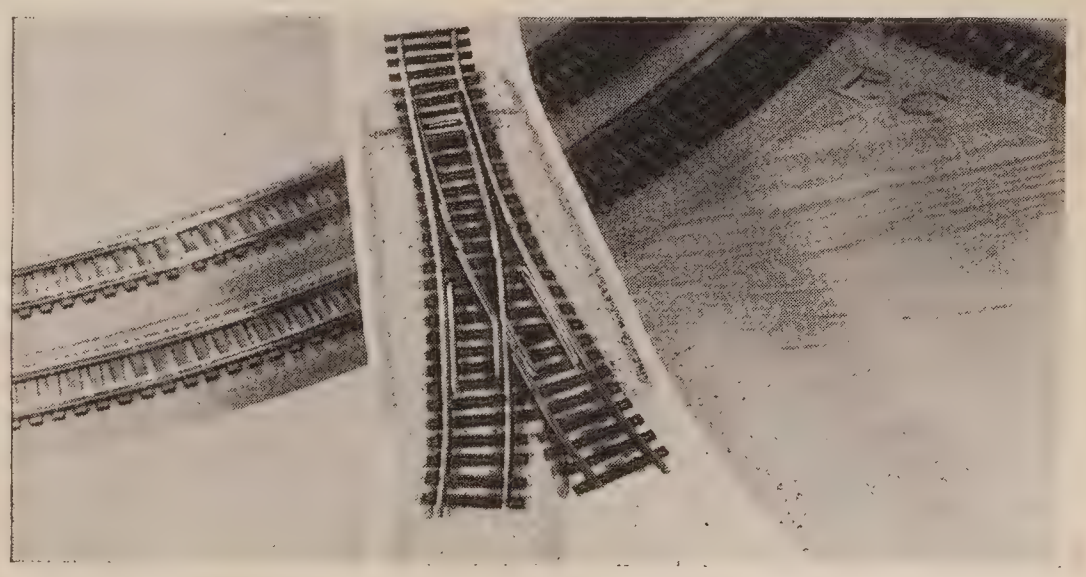
Use eleven spacer blocks at the ramp to obtain a consistent grade. you will have to leave room at the sides for a plywood finishing strip so follow these dimensions carefully:

Spacer Block No.	Width	Height
1	2¼"	¼"
2	2¼"	½"
3	2¼"	¾"
4	2¼"	1"
5	2½"	1¼"
6	2½"	1½"
7	2½"	1¾"
8	2½"	2"
9	2½"	2¼"
10	2½"	2½"
11	2½"	2¾"

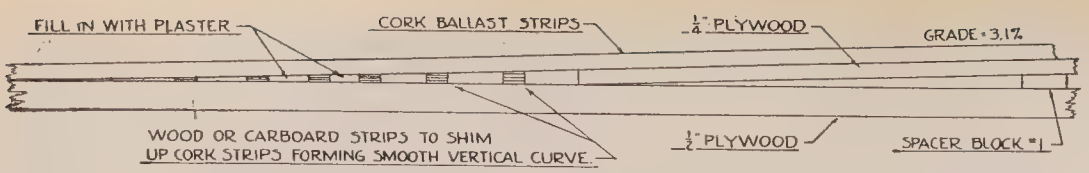
UPPER LEVEL. After plywood sheet has been fastened firmly into place, roadbed, track, and switches are put in. Ramp descends to lower level at left.



BRIDGES are not cut until time of installation; consequently plywood sheet is laid in one piece. Bridge installation will be described next month.



WYE SWITCH ultimately will rest on bridge. The tie strips are cut so that rails can be spread slightly to meet incoming and outgoing curves.


FILL IN WITH PLASTER
CORK BALLAST STRIPS
¼" PLYWOOD
GRADE = 3.1%
WOOD OR CARBOARD STRIPS TO SHIM UP CORK STRIPS FORMING SMOOTH VERTICAL CURVE.
½" PLYWOOD
SPACER BLOCK #1

RAMP DIAGRAM

These spacer-blocks can be made from any thickness of stock; we used ¾" pine. Align the plywood upper level correctly over the lower level and start securing by nailing the very end of the ramp (8" to right of spacer block No. 1) to the ½" plywood tabletop. Now insert spacer blocks 8" apart—be sure you measure the 8" intervals on the *center line* of the track. These are secured by brads driven in from above and glued to the ½" ply sheet below. Now you can fasten the other temporary spacer blocks into place permanently, making sure they won't interfere with abutments, car swing, and so on. Finally, insert ¼" plywood strips around the edges of the layout, between the upper and lower levels. This not only adds strength and rigidity but fills in the otherwise unsightly gap. These strips will be 2¾" wide except at the ramp where they will have to be cut to fit. This can be easily done by having someone hold a piece on the outside, flat against the opening, while you trace off with a pencil on the inside.

Laying Roadbed and Track: In general, follow the procedure used for laying lower level track last month. Where the track starts up the ramp, however, the cork ballast will hang in mid-air from the point where it leaves the ½" ply tabletop to where it hits the beginning of the ramp. Insert various thicknesses of thin wood or cardboard shims (see Ramp Diagram) in order to get a smooth vertical curve. Don't forget, real railroads are as particular about vertical curves as they are about the horizontal ones. A smooth vertical curve makes for smoother-riding and strains equipment less. More important, such a curve won't uncouple couplers—something you want to avoid. After shims are in place, grout the spaces between with a quick-drying plaster. Drive long brads down through cork ballast and shims to secure track in place.

We now come to the job of pruning switches, just as we did last month. Referring to the Switch Diagram drawing, you'll note that the Table of Switch Dimensions gives proper dimensions for X, Y and *Z* sections of the switch. In some cases you will have to cut the rails to dimensions given; in others you can leave the rails as they are. Thus, as indicated in table below, switch No. 8 is a LH (left hand), X will have to be cut to 6", Y and *Z* are okay as they are. All Y switches, 8-14, should be left as they are.

TABLE OF SWITCH DIMENSIONS

(Based on Atlas Prefabricated #4 Switches)

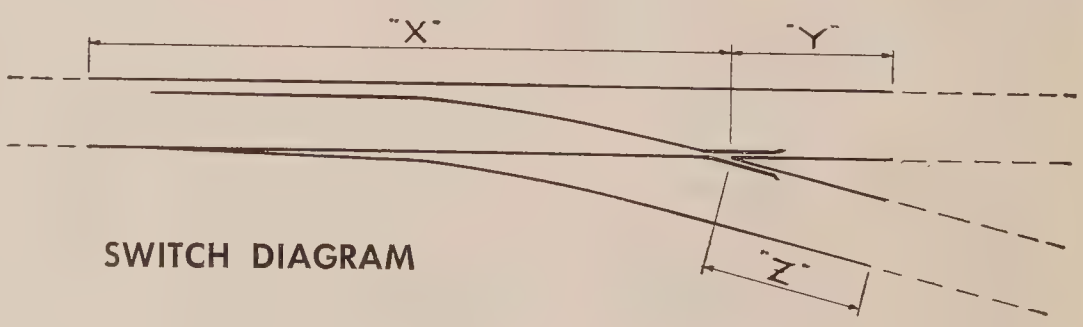
Switch	Type	X	Z
8	LH	6"	*
9	WYE	*	*
10	RH	6"	*
11	LH	6"	1½"
12	LH	6"	1½"
13	RH	6"	*
14	LH	6"	1½"

*May be left original length

The wye switch No. 9 does not need to be pruned, but the tie strip of this switch must be cut in back of the frog so that the rails may be bent to fit the exact radius of the curves. The tie strip directly in front of the switch points should be slit between each tie, under one of the rails, so that the rails may be bent to the curve leading to the trestle. Part of this switch will be on the bridge and will be described later. Remaining No. 4 turnouts must be pruned according to table.

Be sure to carry the cork ballast all the way out to the layout edge on the three spurs; here you can install your favorite type bumping posts so as to prevent the trains from taking off into space. The spur at the "northeast" corner is only 1" from the east side of the layout. So it's important that you place a guard of some sort here—either a thin strip of ¼" ply or a built-up fence of wood or wire soldered to metal posts. If you decide to eventually use switch machines these will be installed below the *lower* level, with vertical operating rods running up to the upper level. This will solve the problem of easy maintenance to be described in a later chapter.

Next month we get into another interesting phase of model railroading—bridges and pier abutments.



SWITCH DIAGRAM

TABLE OF CENTER POINTS

Center Point Number	Distance from North Side	Distance from East Side	Distance from South Side	Distance from West Side
I	19¼"	—	—	19½"
J	—	—	19½"	19½"
K	—	—	20"	22⁹⁄₁₆"
L	—	36¹³⁄₁₆"	20"	—
M	—	37⅛"	23⅜"	—
N	19"	19½"	—	—
O	—	19"	25¹⁵⁄₁₆"	—
TT	20"	17½"	—	—

This Currier & Ives reproduction shows two "Lightning Express" trains, about 1863.

The railroads wrote the timetable for America's advance...

AND THEY STILL SET THE PACE FOR BETTER THINGS TO COME

Ever since the earliest trains began chugging through the green valleys and across the plains and mountains, America's railroads have been an unfailing symbol of progress.

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Today's freight trains turn out three times as much transportation service in an hour as did the trains of even thirty years ago — and many times as much as was produced by the pioneer trains.

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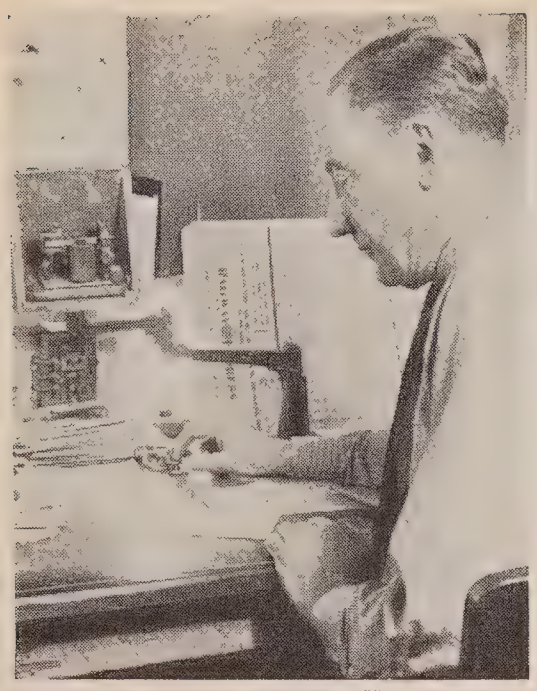
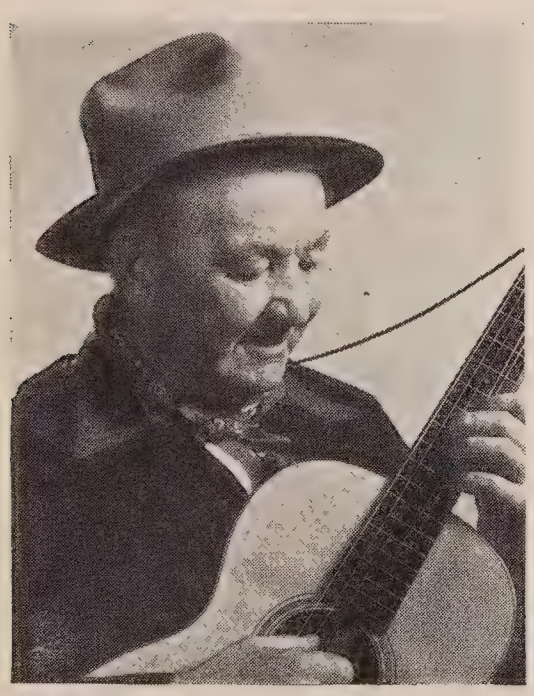
WHO'S WHO in the CREW



Harry Bedwell



Haywire Mac

Lucius Beebe

TOP MAN in the rail-fiction field is Harry Bedwell, Southern Pacific brass pounder. Besides writing "Against Orders" for our current issue, Harry has authored a long list of stories in this magazine, in *Harper's, The American, Argosy* and *The Saturday Evening Post.* His hard-cover novel, *The Boomer,* made such a hit that 106,000 copies of it were reprinted as pocketbooks for the armed forces overseas during World War II.

"I started railroading on the Burlington," he tells us, "hamming at Kellerton, Iowa (population 500). Drifters came by now and then, and my ears grew long listening to their fantasies. They sure could light up a kid's imagination. A Burlington traveling auditor decided I should be a relief agent and telegrapher; I did relief work at 13 stations in one year. Often the two of us would ride a caboose all night so he could check me in at a depot the next morning."

Harry became a boomer because, he says, "I was artless enough to believe I was a good lightning slinger. First I lit out for the Rio Grande in Utah, where the fruit blocks and silk trains made a racetrack out of the high desert.

"Later I did a short stretch for the Santa Fe at Riverside, Calif. It was a quiet night job. I knew it wouldn't last long, for I was a member of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, which the Santa Fe disliked. I knew they'd cut me off as soon as they checked up. So when Chief Dispatcher Butler sent me to Victorville, nights, I beat them to it.

"Victorville, on the Mojave Desert, gets real hot. You had to keep the water tank filled—and the pumphouse was about a half-mile from the station —so I didn't care for the setup. I phoned Mr. Butler. Told him I couldn't handle the job and asked for a wire pass back to San Bernardino.

"He wouldn't send it. Not only that but he wired conductors ordering them not to carry me free. Three of them whom I braced for a ride showed me the message. However, the Union Pacific had joint track there, and the first UP skipper I applied to stowed me in his caboose for the trip back. Mr. Butler had my time check ready when I showed up next morning."

Bedwell sold his first story to the *Los Angeles Sunday Magazine.* Shortly thereafter he hired out on the Pacific Electric, the world's largest interurban, quitting about 1928. Next he rode over the entire D&RGW, gathering story material; and after a time he went to the SP.

"I held the second trick at Glamis, a mere dot in the wide-open spaces 30 miles west of Yuma. It was July, the thermometer inside the station climbed to 127 degrees daily. I think the mercury got too tired to go higher, no matter how hot it'd get. That was years ago. I am still pounding brass, currently in Oregon, living at Box 156, Rte. 1, Gaston."

CLOSE friends of Bedwell are three other West Coast railroaders who write for us: Haywire Mac (Harry K. McClintock), Bill Knapke, and H. L. Kelso. A fifth member of the group was fictioneer Charles Tyler from the Boston & Maine. Charlie died a while ago, leaving an unpublished story, which we will run next month.

LUCIUS BEEBE has authored many railbooks, some of them in collaboration with Charles Clegg. Our May issue reviewed their latest volume, *Hear the Train Blow.* Beebe and Clegg live in a renovated old historic house at Virginia City, famed for its Comstock Lode and the now defunct Virginia & Truckee Railway.

They jointly own a private railroad car, *The Gold Coast,* and a raildog, T-Bone Towser, and publish Nevada's oldest newspaper, the *Territorial Enterprise.* This paper dates back to 1858. As a member of its original staff, Sam Clemens first signed a story with a by-line destined for immortality, *Mark Twain.* Our portrait shows Beebe holding a copy of the *Enterprise.* •

BAG O' TRICKS

(Continued from page 44)

name and your service letters.

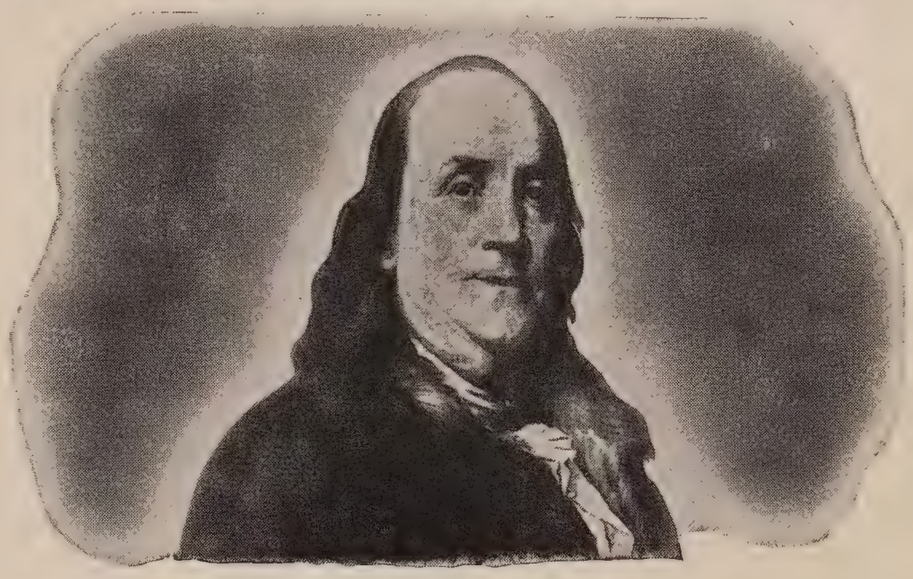
Looking back to the spring of 1912, I recall hitting Sparks, Nevada, with a fellow named Matthews. I had worked with him for a short time on the Sacramento Northern, a pike known to boomers as the "Wooden Axle." Luckily for me, the Southern Pacific was hiring switchmen at Sparks. I quickly landed on the payroll, but not Matthews. My friend had gotten in bad with the said common carrier and couldn't "flag" there because the general yardmaster knew him. So, in order to get a road stake and a river of free drinks, Matthews took a job as "swamper" (porter) in a grog shop owned and operated by "Bull" Donner, a former hogger who had quit the Southern Pacific with a fine record.

Having accumulated a stake, Matthews grabbed an eastbound rattler and faded out of the picture. Two months later, I guess it was, Bull opened a bulky envelope in his morning mail. It contained his service letters and a note of thanks from Matthews. It seems that my friend had spotted those letters in the saloon safe while he was cleaning up the joint and had borrowed them without telling anyone. The safe also contained several hundred dollars, which the boomer didn't disturb. His note said he had assumed a new identity and was happily running a switch engine in Chicago. He must have made good and stayed there, because years later I heard of him during the "outlaw" strike of 1920.

Most roads had, by agreement with the Brotherhoods, thirty days in which to investigate the previous service record of any new employe. Within that period the employe could be summarily fired for "unsatisfactory personal record," but if he stuck it out beyond that period he could thumb his nose at them, even if the company could prove he was "flagging."

There were two ways of working under a flag. One was to assume the identity of a real person, as when

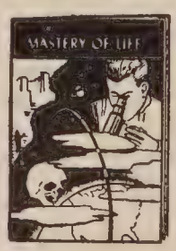
WHAT SECRET POWER DID THIS MAN POSSESS?



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
(A Rosicrucian)

WHY was this man great? How does anyone—man or woman—achieve greatness? Is it not by mastery of the powers within ourselves?

Know the mysterious world within you! Attune yourself to the wisdom of the ages! Grasp the inner power of your mind! Learn the secrets of a full and peaceful life! Benjamin Franklin — like many other learned and great men and women—was a Rosicrucian. The Rosicrucians (NOT a religious organization) first came to America in 1694. Today, headquarters of the Rosicrucians send over seven million pieces of mail annually to all parts of the world.



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Matthews became Donner. This might have involved a charge of forgery if any road had wanted to bring it up. I don't believe that such a case ever went into court, but the possibility existed. The other way was to create a new personality, adopt a different name and manufacture a phoney service record that would stand investigation. This setup cost money but it could be done.

I often think of "Sugarfoot" Burns, a lithographer and engraver, who hung around "Pony" Moore's saloon in Custom House Square, Chicago, about as tough a locality as you'd find anywhere. Sugarfoot was a past master at his trade. In 1900 or thereabouts, when police broke up a ticket scalpers' ring, he drew a stretch in the pen. The ring was a tightly organized gang that sold millions of dollars worth of faked employes' passes and railroad tickets every year.

After serving his time, Sugarfoot devoted his talents to somewhat less risky printing jobs. He turned out beautifully engraved diplomas for fictitious colleges, making it possible for you to become an M.D., a D.D., a Ph. D. or almost any other kind of D by paying a relatively small fee. Even today, this racket is not entirely dead in a lot of places. Ask any cop.

Scores of boomers were loyal members of the "snakes"—the Switchmen's Union of North America, so called from the big serpentine S on the membership pin —but they ran into trouble when they tried to ride the plush or in a caboose. Therefore, a wise snake about to leave Chicago would contact Mr. Burns and buy two or three monthly receipts showing membership in the "Stingers"—the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, the word "Stingers" being derived from the initial letter B (bee). Those papers were almost as good as a ticket on a lot of North American railroads, particularly in the South and West. At two bucks apiece, they proved to be a worthwhile buy. So did Sugarfoot's equally phoney memberships in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

LAST, but not least, came the service letters. Authentic-looking documents on which a boomer could hire out—but which would not stand up under the ordinary check between new employer and old—could be had for two dollars a throw. References that would hold water cost from ten bucks up. Some were probably covered by racketeering chief clerks in real railroad offices, but Burns also had a "railroad" of his own. I should know. I once bought a five-year service record from him on a mythical Canadian railway. It got me a job with the Denver & Rio Grande, and nobody ever called my hand.

A certain boomer named Cliff Funkhouser—last heard from on the Missouri Pacific—also had a pet railroad, the Newfoundland Central. (You'll never find it in the *Official Guide.)* Cliff hired a printer to turn out his forms, had a rubber stamp and a dater made, and even dampened the completed document to make it look as if it had been copied in a letter press. He figured that the Santa Fe, to which he presented the artistic job, would write to the Newfoundland Central for confirmation. The inquiry would be shuffled around by the Newfoundland Post Office and finally wind up in the waste basket, while the Santa Fe would probably forget all about it. Which is exactly what happened.

If a boomer wanted to be a conductor or a hogger it was possible for him to buy a service record that would defy detection. There was once a clerk in the general office of the old Fort Worth & New Orleans who dealt in such merchandise. Having access to the files, he would tuck in the cards that showed date of hiring, examinations and promotions, all in the proper places, and the fake would escape unnoticed.

A general superintendent of the old Gulfport & Eastern, which also is now part of the SP system, "made" a lot of conductors in the same way. Another super, on the Missouri & North Arkansas, fixed up so many outlaws after the American Railway Union strike of 1894 that some roads refused to honor such service letters. It is my belief that a similar operation by an office insider created the famous "night yardmaster from Pocatello."

In those days a conductor's pay rate was about one-third higher than that of a brakeman but, although I knew about the quick way to promotion, I personally never felt the stir of ambition that way. There were no electric block signals then, and most pikes in the West were strictly single-iron. A conductor who didn't know his stuff and wasn't on his toes at all times was liable to wake up with a lap-full of boxcars.

Also, there was another hurdle. The would-be conductor had to pass an examination on the *Standard Rules for the Operation of Trains;* and those exams were as tough as the trainmasters could make them. Hoggers had to get past them, too. In addition, they had to know the *Locomotive Catechism* by heart. So there were not too many boomers working as skippers or hoggers on fake records.

Getting the service letters was the easiest part; passing the exams and making good on a job that called for first-class headwork was something else again.

THERE IS AN OLD STORY that suggests what might happen. During a seasonal rush a certain single-track pike had hired a flock of men. A conductor in charge of a made-up crew discovered that he had drawn two boomer shacks. Furthermore, the hogger also was a new man, as was the tallowpot.

The ORC checked his train, checked the register and signed for his running orders and clearance that permitted his train to leave town. He himself was carrying an Ingersoll watch and he was not too much surprised when, on comparing time with the hogger, as the rules required, he found that worthy was also equipped with the watch that made the dollar famous. In fact, there wasn't a standard watch in the crew! All were newly hired men, and all the timepieces had been hocked for eating money.

About halfway over the division, they tore through a small town in a cloud of dust, the order board on

the depot standing at clear. But the con, unable to get an acknowledgement of frantic stop signals, pulled the air at the far end of the passing track. Then he hurriedly backed the train into clear—just in time to get off the main for a streak of varnish that would have smacked them square in the face.

"Gosh!" gulped the hogger. "That was a close one! How did you get wise to that varnish being so close? I thought we had time to get to the next town."

"Didn't you see the loaded mail and baggage trucks on the depot platform?" the Big Ox snorted. "I did, and I knew we had no business on that high iron with a passenger train so close."

That business of watches was a thorn in the boomer's side. You had to have one and it had to be tested by the official watch examiner before you could start work. The said timepiece also had to be checked every two weeks and the variation from absolute accuracy noted on your own registration card and the inspector's register. The inspector was usually a jeweler and was eager to sell you a watch on "easy" monthly payments. But his turnips cost from fifty to seventy-five dollars each, and no hock shop would give you more than twelve on a loan or an outright sale. The same pawnbroker would sell you a watch that would pass inspection for around twenty clams. However, any boomer with that much dough would also have a turnip. It was a knotty problem, and a lot of thought was devoted to figuring out some way to beat it

The only successful method I ever heard of was to borrow a watch from some pal who was already working on another road. Thus, if you hired out on the Southern Pacific, for example, at San Francisco, Fresno or Los Angeles, you might be able to find a friend who had a watch and a job on the Santa Fe. This would work, but it was a lot of trouble. The really smart boomer hung onto his watch—even if he had to flag a few meals.

On a new job you could always sign up for a pie-book after getting

your ideas to help us make your magazine even better

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Number of children in family _____ Number of adults in family _____

Own Home_____ Rent Home _____ Last grade of school attended_____

Own Radio_____ Own TV Set _____

in a shift or two. And there were always restaurant men who would extend credit to a glib talker, even without a sign-up. Anywhere on the Santa Fe system the depot Harvey House was a cinch to be the best beanery in town. These establishments served Kansas City beef and California fruits and vegetables at remote division points in the desert where such items were otherwise practically unknown before the days of modern refrigeration.

The waitresses in Harvey Houses and similar chains of first-class eateries on other roads were almost invariably fine young gals with curves in the right places. They looked smart in their freshly starched uniforms and were, indeed, a treat for the eyes of lonely railroaders.

We boomers were always kidding around with them. The hashers would come right back with wisecracks of their own. But woe betide any gauche newcomer who made a pass at a shapely backside while the lady was on duty. It just wasn't done. The upstart who took undue liberties with the person of a railroad waitress was lucky if he got off with a mere bawling-out. No girl works in a railroad division point without catching on fast to the art of self defense. I used to know a popular song which began:

Run for the roundhouse, Nellie;
He can't corner you there!

THE AVERAGE BOOMER stood high in the favor of beanery queens. That was because a wide range of experience had taught him how to deal most effectively with the female sex at a given time and place. He knew that railroad eating houses had a strict code of morals for their employees; also that any woman who is not drunk resents being mauled in public.

A wise snake, starting in with his first "pie-book" (meal card or booklet), would pick out a hasher whose air showed that she had been around a bit. Thenceforth he would seat himself at her section of the counter or her group of tables. After a few cautiously probing remarks, he would slip her a five-dollar bill. "Here, Beautiful," he'd say with a grin, "this is the way I tip. No nickels and dimes under the plate at every meal. If you and I get along okay there'll be another scrap of paper for you next payday."

Unless the girl happened to be very dumb, she would not regard this as a plot against her virtue; she'd just flash the boomer a smile and slip the green stuff into her pocket. Then Mr. Switchman would order and consume a big juicy steak, with customary trimmings, and the hasher would leave a check for a couple of bucks. After a leisurely meal the boomer would call for a second cup of coffee, with maybe a piece of pie, and the waitress would give him another check.

In due time the well-fed diner would saunter up to the cashier's desk and pay the smaller check with fifteen or twenty cents out of his nice new pie-book. It was thus possible to spread a couple of five-dollar meal tickets over an entire month of mighty good eating.

Switchmen were popular with the hashers mainly because they had a reputation for being close-mouthed. You'd never think it if you listened to their gab. There were plenty of self-styled Casanovas hitting the footboards, but their tales of amorous adventure and intrigue seldom had a local background. The red-hot mammas with whom they had dallied were usually in Winnipeg or New Orleans or some equally glamorous place hundreds of miles away.

A lot of boomer firemen and brakemen married waitresses, and the general belief is that in nearly every case both parties played for keeps. On the other hand, a wandering switchman was more likely to tie up with some widow who boasted a small business of her own. Such a lady could be counted on to take care of herself in the unhappy event that "daddy" got fired or developed itchy feet.

In my boomer days the average railroad division town offered little diversion, and I sometimes wondered why the married women who lived there didn't blow up from sheer boredom. They trod the straight and narrow because every wife knew that every other female in town was alert and eager to spot any slight misstep—and to make the most of any misstep.

Which will, perhaps, explain why ladies like to make shopping trips to the nearest metropolis. At Helper, Utah, for example, the folks used to have Saturday night dances in the schoolhouse auditorium, the biggest hall in town. A couple desiring amorous adventure could get acquainted there and arrange for a future date in Salt Lake City.

We never had much time for that. And seldom did we marry young. We worked ten, eleven or twelve hours per day, seven days per week. And the boomer was almost invariably on the night shift; he rarely stayed long enough in one place to grow "whiskers" (acquire seniority) nor long enough to get a day job. The shows and dances and such where boy meets gal were always held at night. Where would romance be without moonlight? But while these social events were going on, the snake would be hanging like an ape onto the side of a boxcar or swinging a smoky Tom Moore lantern at a sleepy hogger.

I put in most of my time west of the Rockies because I liked the country, the people, and the climate, even in the sandy desert. But I'll have to admit that the Midwestern and Eastern factory towns, especially those which employ a flock of women, provided more fun, even though the towns themselves were somewhat drab and dingy. The working girls were, for the most part, a free and independent lot. They were pretty lively company.

All that I have told you has to do with the boomer's bag o' tricks. Life put on quite a show for us. But now the show is ending; the lights are growing dim. Out in my back yard at San Francisco, somewhere between the crimson ramblers and the hollyhocks, there waits an Old Man With a Scythe. Some day ere long he is going to tap my shoulder and whisper, "Come with me, Mac!"; and when he does I will follow him into the everlasting shadows, leaving behind me all the bright golden memories. ●

A RULES PROBLEM

(Continued from page 44)

1619 over to fresh crew who will doublehead Extra 1697 to Auburn Yard. Extra 1697 East leave rear cut on 5th Subdivision West of Bromart so Extra 1791 East will not be delayed account on short time, then will take second cut behind Extra 1791 East."

Engine 1619 was waiting on the connecting track. After coupling into Extra 1697 East, the crew pulled up and cut off two-thirds of the train. They left behind the rear third on the connecting track, the head end being on the main track within yard limits. It was 8:30 P.M. before they were ready to leave. By that time they were stuck for Extra 1783 West, which had right over them, the 8:05 P.M. wait at Maltby having expired.

A member of the crew of Extra 1697 East walked up and told the hogger that Extra 1791 East was behind them on the Northern Pacific track and that this train had a helper engine, the 1783. Therefore, Extra 1697 East could pull out of Bromart and move against Extra 1783 West (an overdue superior train), because engine 1783 was behind them heading eastward. Also, order Number 43 stated that engine 1783 could run extra from Maltby to Arlington only after Extra 1791 East had reached Maltby; and Extra 1791 East was behind them.

Meanwhile, the crew of Extra 1697 East had learned that Extra 1824 East was ahead of them.

The engine crew of Extra 1697 East protested, as engine crews have been known to do. Regardless of everything else, order Number 43 gave Extra 1783 West right over Extra 1697 East—and Extra 1783 West had not arrived on order Number 43. Therefore, the crew argued, to leave Bromart and move to Maltby against this overdue superior train was not proper. They understood that engine 1783 was behind them and could not possibly fulfill the running order westward prior to their arrival at Maltby.

On the other hand, they would not be obeying their orders if they left Bromart to move against an overdue superior train. The dispatcher had so manuevered that he had the railroad sewed up and it was up to him to straighten out the mess.

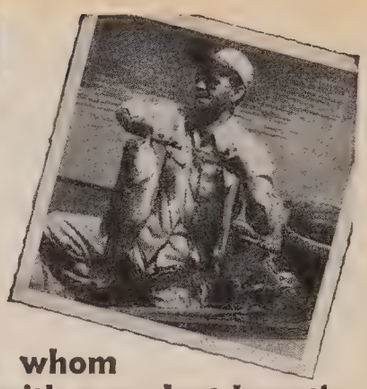
Other members of the crew insisted that the move was perfectly safe. They had the 1783 bottled up behind them and it could not possibly run extra westward against them before their arrival at Maltby.

Mr. Trainman, what would *you* do in such a case? (Answer on page 78.) •

COMING NEXT MONTH

"The Camelbacks' Last Roundup," by E. Jakobsson, illustrated fact-story on two-cab engines. A full consist of steam and juice features, true tales, fiction, Alaska RR. roster, and departments.

Bass Fishermen will Say I'm Crazy . . . until they try my method!



But, after a 10 day trial, if you're at all like the few other men to whom I've told my secret, you'll guard it with your last breath.

Don't jump at conclusions. I'm not a manufacturer of any fancy new lure. I have no rods or lines to sell. I'm a lawyer and make a good living in my profession. But my all absorbing hobby is fishing. And, quite by accident, I've discovered how to go to waters that everyone else says are fished out and come in with a limit catch of the biggest bass you ever saw. The savage old bass that got so big, because they were "wise" to every ordinary way of fishing.

This METHOD is NOT spinning, trolling, casting, flyfishing, trot line fishing, set line fishing, hand line fishing, live bait fishing, jugging, netting, trapping or seining, and does not even faintly resemble any of these standard methods of fishing. No live bait or prepared bait is used. You can carry all of the equipment you need in one hand.

The whole secret can be learned in twenty minutes—twenty minutes of fascinating reading. All the extra equipment you need, you can buy locally at a cost of less than a dollar. Yet with it, you can come in after an hour or two of the greatest excitement of your life, with a stringer full. Not one or two miserable 12 or 14 inch oversized keepers—but five or six real beauties with real poundage behind them. The kind that don't need a word of explanation of the professional skill of the man who caught them. Absolutely legal, too—in every state.

This amazing method was developed by a little group of professional fishermen. Though they are public guides, they never divulge their secret to their patrons. They use it only when fishing for their own tables. No man on your waters has ever **seen it**, ever **heard of it**, or ever **used it**. And when you have given it the first trial, you will be as close mouthed as a man who has suddenly discovered a gold mine. Because with this secret you can fish within a hundred feet of the best fishermen in the county and pull in ferocious big ones while he comes home empty handed. No special skill is required. The secret is just as deadly in the hands of a novice as in the hands of an old timer.

My secret will be disclosed only to a few men in each area—men who will give me their word of honor not to give the secret to anyone else.

Send me your name. Let me tell you how you can try out the secret method of bringing in big bass from your "fished out" waters. Let me tell you why I let you try my method for 10 days without risking a penny of your money on instructions or lures.

There is no charge for this information, now or at any other time. Just your name is all I need. But I guarantee that the information I send you will make you a complete skeptic—until once you try it. And then, your own catches will fill you with disbelief. Send your name, today. This will be fun.

ERIC X. FARE

317 S. Milwaukee Ave., Libertyville, Illinois

ERIC X. FARE, 317 S. Milwaukee Ave. Libertyville, Illinois

Dear Mr. Fare: Send me complete information without any charge and without the slightest obligation. Tell me how I can learn the secret method of catching big bass from "fished out" waters, even when the old timers are reporting, "No Luck."

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MAIL CAR

(Continued from page 7)

drew one of those blacklisting service letters watermarked by the 'crane with a broken neck.' Then he managed to hire out on a short line and eventually got onto the GN. Railroading in his day was tough. No air. All links and pins. Boxcar-end buffers that were often uneven on cars of different roads—hardly anything cleared. If you lived through six months of it you were good." ●

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, E. E. Humphrey, attorney-at-law, Wautoma, Wis., reports: "For the past few years *Railroad* was so dull that I stopped reading it, just left it on my reception-room table each month for any client who might wish to look at it. Then one day I picked up a recent issue, idly glanced through it, and was so surprised at what I saw that I took the magazine home with me to read.

"What has taken place? Keep it up and circulation will rise. And don't fail to take advantage of true tales and fiction from oldtime railroaders while it is still available."

We now hear from C. S. Carter, 2845 San Marino St., Los Angeles 8, Calif.: "I don't go for the fiction and so-called human-interest stuff. Give me historical and technical articles, descriptions of railroads, terminals, yards, bridges and rolling stock. Am glad to see locomotive rosters back in the magazine. The same applies to trolley articles."

"May I add another vote of approval for the recent changes in *Railroad?"* writes the Rt. Rev. Alexander Turner, S.S.B., Superior, Society of St. Basil, The Orthodox Church, 52 Kingsbridge Road W., Mount Vernon, N.Y. "I imagine that most of your readers are, like me, armchair railroaders. My own preference is for interurban material and all kinds of features dealing with actual railroad operation."

Another Alexander—S. J. Alexander of Manhattan, Mont.—comments: "I enjoy the 'new' *Railroad* much more because of its human appeal. My telegraph service began just about the time your magazine was born (1906), but I really started railroading in 1905 as a messenger in a train dispatcher's office at Lafayette, Ind. Since then a great many dots and dashes have gone over my wires, but *Railroad* continues to be a favorite. I think the majority of us railroaders pick up a magazine mostly for entertainment, not to store up facts and figures."

Elliott Kahn, 413 Royal St., New Orleans 18, La., objects to the implication that *"Railroad* is a magazine only for railroad employes." He writes: "To my mind, it is published for anyone who is interested in railroads, whether he works for them or not."

You are right, Elliott! But the bulk of our mail comes from railroaders, including those in active service, pensioners, and those who quit the steel trail to take up other lines of work. ●

JACK McLARN'S stories are the kind that railroaders go for in a big way, according to F. W. Powers, 17 McGowan Ave., North Kamloops, B. C., Canada, a locomotive engineer who has been with the Canadian National since 1908.

"They are the best fiction I have ever read," he writes. "Give us more of them!"

Okay, hogger; there's another McLarn story on the outgoing track. Coming soon.

Powers goes on: "I got a big kick out of Haywire Mac's 'Boomers, Northbound' (April issue), particularly because the locale is what might be called my railroad *alma mater.* However, it strikes me that the amount of 'Minnesota squirrel' that Mac and his pal imbibed slightly dimmed his memory of the country and railroads from Duluth north. If you know the type of red-eye I refer to, you will realize that such things as lapse of memory could readily happen. After the fourth drink you could climb a telegraph pole and bite the insulators off.

"Mac must have passed the fourth when he started writing 'Boomers, Northbound.' The Duluth & Iron Range hadn't entered Hibbing, Minn., by 1908 when I left after firing mine runs around there. And the Duluth, Rainy Lake & Winnipeg ran a lot more than the one crew Mac accused them of. Besides the way freight, they had a triweekly mixed train and a daily streak of varnish.

"The Rainy Lake line left Minnesota from Rainier, not from International Falls. Mac must have arrived at Fort Frances, not Fort Gibson. I worked at Fort Frances in 1910, firing the yard goat there and, among other things, hauling pulpwood over a spur from Rainier to International Falls for the paper mill Mac mentions. Incidentally, Mac must have ridden the Canadian Northern, not the Canadian Pacific. But who cares at this late date? He turned out a great story. ●

WE ASKED recently if anyone knew of five brothers actively employed in railroad service. "Yes," answers R. C. Beach, who works for the Chicago Great Western at Hayfield, Minn. "This road employs five Sharp brothers: F. E., W. L., E. V. and W. D., all engineers, and W E., fireman. We have four Ingersoll brothers: Art, Roy and E. L., agents, and George, a roadmaster."

But does anyone know a railroad girl whose father is working for the same road? If so, we'd like to publish a portrait and write-up. •

B&O HOGGERS at Newark, Ohio, lamenting the rise of diesel power, decided that something should be done to perpetuate the great traditions of steam railroading. They wondered if there would ever be another generation of steam runners. Maybe by the time their grandchildren grew up there might not be any steamers left in the United States or Canada outside museums and public parks.

The B&O engineers met the challenge by organizing the "Society for the Preservation of the Memory of Steam Locomotives and the Men Who Run Them." They couldn't push back the diesel wave but, at least, they could enshrine the memory of steam. The Society was launched May 1, 1953. It quickly spread to 91 other railroads and now has a total membership of more than 10,000, all qualified steam engineers, many of whom have piloted North America's finest trains. Each man has a wallet-size membership card and a certificate suitable for framing.

There are no dues, no obligations, but an initiation fee of one dollar is solicited from each man to pay the cost of printing, handling and mailing his certificate. Up till now, membership has been limited to engineers. "But," writes one of the leaders in the movement, L. E. Schwartz, 100 Oakwood Ave., Newark, Ohio, "we contemplate issuing, on request, a certificate for railfans and others."

Meanwhile, applications pour in from all over the U.S., Canada, Alaska, Mexico and Canal Zone and even a few from overseas. The organization is sometimes called the "Steam Runners Society" for short. A big meeting, with banquet and floor show, is planned for this October at Columbus, Ohio. Details may be had from Mr. Schwartz or J. T. Gatten, 249 Lawrence St., Newark, Ohio. •

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World's Largest Single-Unit Locomotive

BALDWIN'S recent shipment of Number 2300 to the Norfolk & Western marks the end of a five-year-old joint N&W-Westinghouse-Babcock & Wilcox project. The aim was to develop a powerful coal-burning locomotive having the inherent flexibility of electric drive and the thermal efficiency to equal or better the fuel costs of other forms of motive power. Road trials are now being made on the N&W's rugged mountain divisions, after which the big heavy-duty engine will start wheeling freight.

She's quite a baby, this brand-new Behemoth—161 feet, 1½ inches long. With tender, coal, and water, she weighs 586 tons. Her tender carries 22,000 gallons of water, plus a softening plant, while the hopper on the main chassis in front of the engineer and fireman's enclosed cab holds up to 20 tons of coal. In ordinary freight service, she can make hundred-mile runs, the distance between most division points, without having to stop for fuel or water.

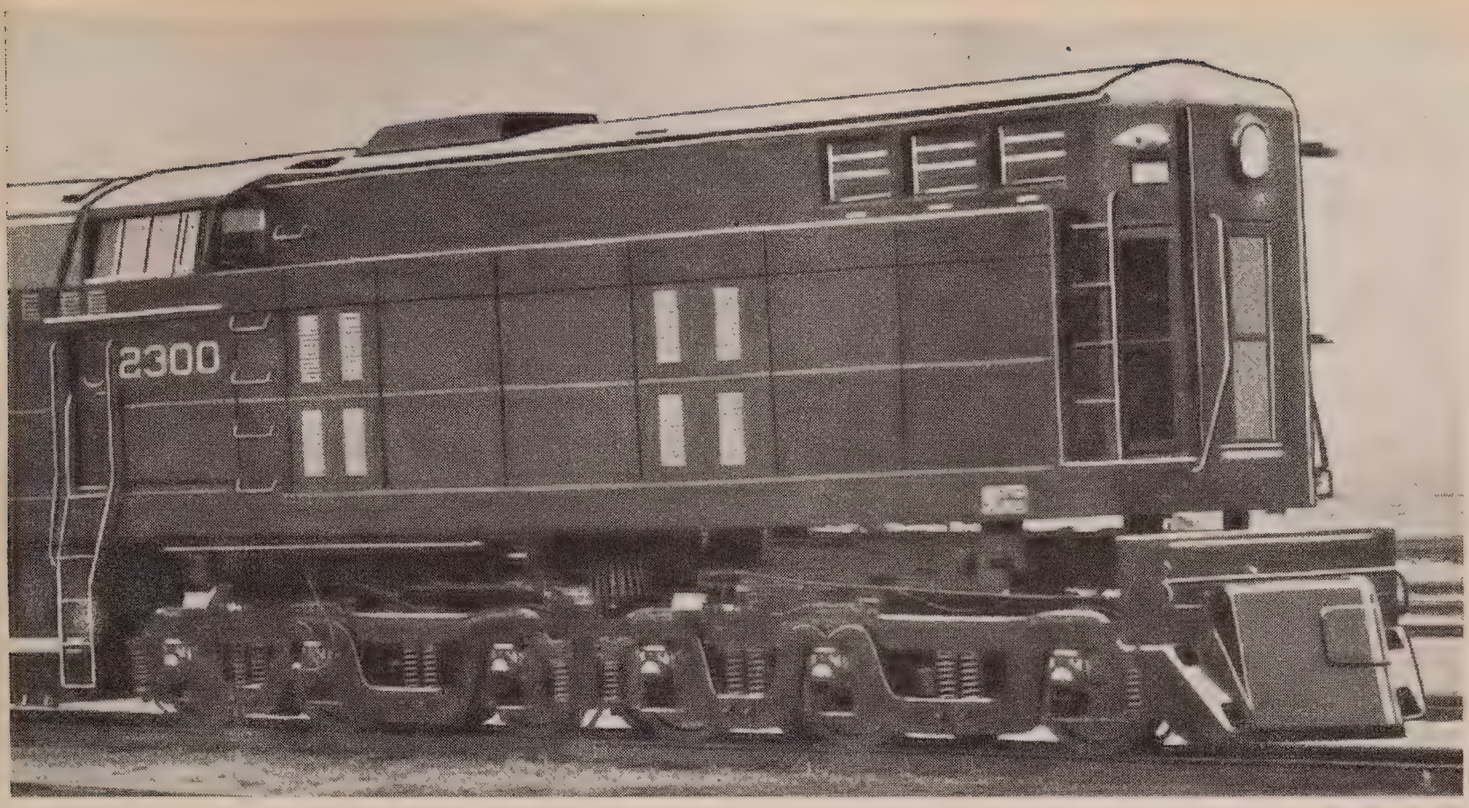
From the outside she's as sleek and clean as a diesel. The entire power plant is assembled as a single self-contained unit supported at three points so that her alignment is not affected by distortions of the frame. Inside, she's broken up into sections. Behind the cab and the boiler is the main turbine, followed by the generator, electric control, and dynamic braking equipment for the rear trucks.

The details of her anatomy are impressive. Her water turbine boiler produces 900 degree steam at a pressure of 600 pounds per square inch, nearly twice that of the conventional steam locomotive boiler. The fire burns on a traveling grate with continuous ash removal, while automatic controls maintain full boiler pressure as the load fluctuates between idling and full. Her 4500 horsepower engine is designed for a maximum speed of sixty miles an hour. With a maximum rated tractive effort of 175,000 pounds, and a continuous tractive effort of 144,000 pounds at nine miles an hour, she's a 6-6-6-6, each of whose four six-wheel trucks is motorized.

All in all, she's the latest in modern design, right down to her throaty steam whistle. Her trucks including traction motors, are standard diesel types, while her main turbine, generators, turbine-driven combustion-air-blower and electrical controls are all adaptations from railroad and other power fields.

A complex system of boiler controls measures steam pressure, steam flow, drum water-level, and air flow. Both her boiler selector and the feedwater selector valves can be operated either automatically or manually. An alarm is sounded for either high or low water level, and lights on the engineman's panel flash on to indicate incipient trouble at a variety of spots on the engine.

Engineers point out that 2300 has such electric drive unit advantages as high-starting tractive effort and an absence of reciprocating parts as well as the steampower advantage of a plentiful fuel—coal. Norfolk & Western's 2300 is dramatic proof that steampower is still an important factor in modern transportation. ●



AGAINST ORDERS

(Continued from page 18)

He'd come the long way up, with dogged resolution, working twice around the clock, fighting to maintain the advancements he made, and pushing ahead against big odds, the wolves forever snapping at his heels, for he made enemies readily He arrived late, but he brought all his old grudges along. He was called the Old Man by one and all, and it had a sinister sound the way some of them said it. Boomers he regarded as shiftless and unruly. "They end up living off their friends and relatives," he growled, "crying in their beer over the bad luck they've had."

"They don't go out that way any oftener than the rest of you," Eddie said, "and they have a swell time while they're at it. Fact is, they can do a better job of railroading than your home guards, because they've done more kinds of it."

Hagen snapped, "Boomers think they're smart, and say so. They know everything. They think they're always right."

"They frequently are," Eddie agreed cheerfully.

Hi's grin opened up to the ears. "And the tough part is," he chortled, "you've got to hire 'em to help run your railroad, because you can't get enough of the right kind to do it for you."

That goaded the Old Man almost to the point of second-degree murder. "I can get along without the ones I don't want, any time it suits me," the Old Man said and moved off abruptly before he was tempted too far.

Hi snorted. "That's us, he means, Eddie. But he's not got enough hired help to afford to. He'll get around to it when business slacks off—if we're still here." He reflected. "He's plenty sore. He usually is. I get a whang out of bedeviling the old buzzard." Hi brightened. "But he sure don't have any fun." He took Eddie by the arm. "Let's go to my place and clean up. Then we'll see what this town looks like after dark."

THE high air had a zest that made your blood bubble. The cold could knife you to the bone, but Eddie Sand didn't shiver when he stepped down from the coach. It seemed as if nothing could chill the desert that had been stored inside of him.

There were section houses and a long passing track. The telegraphers' quarters were huddled close by the station under the bulk of gigantic ridges whose upsweep took them to the snows of the peaks. Aspen was just where he'd left it three years gone, and it hadn't changed. It was good to come back—sometimes. He went inside to report to the first trick op, and then got himself settled in his bachelor quarters. Eddie was back in the groove.

The office smelled of kerosene lamps, lighted against the early dark. All old railroad stations were arranged and fitted about the same. A bow window facing the main line, with a scarred telegraph table wedged in it. Three keys were clamped to the rear middle. From the narrow shelf above, the silvery chatter of the Morse sounders greeted him gleefully. It just fit.

Eddie read the outstanding train orders on the table. Jack Clell, the first trick man, gave him a transfer, and lined him up on impending trains. He said the ashes had been cleaned from the stove, the coal box was full, and the coffee pot had been scoured. He went home then to his family and a hot supper.

Eddie rummaged to locate the

forms and equipment he would require. He had studied the employes' time table coming down on the local, repeating Aspen's call letters in his mind so he would be prompt to recognize them, memorizing the correct spelling of all the station names, and the time the regular trains were due during his trick. On a new job, you were always somewhat keyed, until you got it down to routine. Listening to the dispatcher working with his telegraphers, he got the feel of the district, and he made a pattern of it in his mind.

The dispatcher was doing right well on a district that was crowded with traffic. Storms were brooding along the towering horizon, and the little mining towns up there on the high lines were cleaning up their ore shipments, and moving in supplies against the chance that the snows would close them in from the outside. Stockmen were getting the last of their sheep down from the high meadows, and it seemed as if they were hurrying a lot of coal from the pits to the household furnaces and factory boilers all over the territory.

Yeah, that dispatcher was smooth. He slid the train orders at you like they came on a greased wire, fast and polished, in a kind of singing Morse, easy to copy. Nice to work with, and Eddie bet himself a paycheck he'd heard that "send" before.

Just before the third trick op came to relieve him, the dispatcher called, and asked, "*Como se llama?*"

For an instant it took him back to the Mexican border, and the eternal glare of the sun. Spanish sounded somewhat exotic in this bleak, high world. "*Como se llama?*" What's your name? He opened the key and made his personal Morse sign, DY, and then spelled out his name.

"I thought I recognized your fist," the DS sent back. "Glad you're on my shift. I worked with you on the T&NO. Walter Harmon," he added. "I suppose you've encountered Hi Wheeler." It was like a hand-shake with an old companion.

In his quarters, with bacon and eggs tucked away, over a last cup of coffee, Eddie recalled Walt Harmon, an oldtime boomer. Yeah, there was gray at his temples, but he hadn't slowed down a bit. Easy to work with. He never blew the works, or got you in a jackpot. Your luck didn't often run so good, like joining up with Hi and Walt in the same place.

Outsiders never understood how closely the dispatcher and the ops worked together, moving the trains, so that in time, when they knew how each of them operated, they geared themselves into a smooth-working team. But they seldem, or never, met.

By the rules laid down in the book, you were required to be alert at all times to catch the dispatcher's call, and to answer it promptly, no matter what else you were doing. The movement of all trains depended on this combination, and you had to give your undivided attention to copying and repeating train orders. One of your most important duties was to check the repeat of the others to make sure the order was exactly the same as the one you'd copied. If you fell behind, and broke the chain, it slowed them all up till they got back into their pace again.

As a result you got so you could concentrate pretty intensely. You wrapped yourself around your work, and forgot everything else. And, if anything interrupted, it was like being violently aroused from sound sleep. It enraged you beyond all reason.

Once when Eddie was on a ticket and telegraph job at a station in a big prairie town and some kind of organization held its convention at that place, a reception committee, headed by the local nabob, came to the station to meet an incoming delegation. The train was late. That irritated the nabob. He made the usual snide remarks about the railroad, and grew more hostile while the train dragged its heels. Repeatedly he came to the ticket window, inquiring with sarcasm, "Any tidings?" Then he'd make his gibes.

Eddie tried to sooth him with soft words and the latest figures on the belated train. Then, while he was engrossed in copying an order on a wire that had gone erratic and hard to read from, straining to catch the words from the sputtering sounder, the nabob thrust his head inside the ticket window and sang out in Eddie's ear, "Any tidings?"

The interruption shattered Eddie's self-control like smashed glass. A savage urge to destroy the nabob ripped through him, and nothing could have checked the snarling reply that was torn from him and flung over his shoulder.

"Not a single damned tiding!" was the mildest part of it.

The nabob had him bounced higher than the moon. Nevertheless, to this day he wasn't able to completely control the fierce desire to slay and slaughter when rudely interrupted while immersed in the job. He recalled now with some satisfaction that the general manager, who'd once been a brass pounder himself, had called him in and offered him a place on another division. If you got careless or heedless and mishandled an order, it created a hazard. So if anybody bothered the tissues on your table—the orders that were in effect but undelivered — you promptly gave him to understand. A trainmaster had tried it on him once, pawing through a stack of orders, and the resultant run-in between them had gone into that line's stock of legends.

A FREIGHT train, slugging it out on the upgrade, blew for the station, slowed to allow the head brakeman to beat it out to the switch ahead of her, and pulled in to the passing track and subsided.

The dispatcher nailed Eddie to the chair. Hi Wheeler came in off the hind end. He saw Eddie was busy on the wire, and knew better than to disturb him. Hi filled the coffee pot, and set it on the stove, and warmed himself by the fire in the shadows beyond the lamplight.

Eddie finished with the DS and said, "Hiya!"

"Weather like this," Hi grumbled, "and I can smell the orange blossoms down in California just as plain." The coffee boiled over, and Hi drew a pair. Distant places flickered behind his eyes as he spooned java.

"Work," he said, "is like trouble.

Go looking for it, and you'll sure find it."

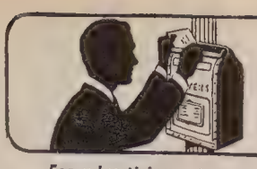
Three sections of a coal train shuttered by. The headlight of a special-party train, running as an extra, showed far up the gorge. There were no orders for her, and Eddie got up to give her the board when she whistled for it. But a train of empty ore dumps had meanwhile got in trouble down below, and at this last minute the DS told Eddie to stop the special. He would have to change her orders.

Hi went outside to flag her down with his lantern, so the hogger wouldn't run the order board and have to back up. But he was coming so fast he made a rough stop as he drew up before the station.

The wire had bugs in it tonight, and the circuit was weak. The DS was sending fast to get the special's meets rearranged and cut the delay. Eddie had to concentrate profoundly on the racing sounder to catch the faint signals. He was sunk deep in a dark isolation, aware of nothing but the faint chatter of the brass tongue, and the black loops he made on the yellow tissues.

The door burst open and slammed shut in a double explosion as the special's conductor strode in. The sound ripped Eddie's insulation from his surroundings with a jagged blade, and he could feel rage smolder and smoke, trying to burst into flame. He clutched for enough control to smother the fire. But he hadn't yet endured the half of this outbreak. The conductor opened his big mouth.

"What's he holding me up again for? This is a hell of a way to run trains!" The conductor was Gallopin' Gunderson. His new blue uniform was pressed in thin edges, and his brass buttons and gold braid twinkled brightly in the lamplight. "That dispatcher stuck me twenty-five minutes at Shale, and fifteen at Samson. Now he's hanging me up in this god-forsaken spot." Gunderson had a round, soft face, gone a delicate pink now, and excellent teeth which he liked to exhibit. He must have spent a lot of time keeping his hands in ladylike repair. A big gold chain bisected his vest, and the dia-



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MORE CLASSIFIED ON PAGE 69

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mond ring he wore had the diameter of a dime. "When Harmon's on the sheet, you can't get any place on this railroad. This special party I've got will miss their connection if he keeps on like this. I'm going to talk to the Old Man about it."

Eddie shut his teeth against the wrench of strung nerves and the dark craving to utterly destroy Gallopin' Gunderson, centering his mind on the letters flowing faintly from the wire. He'd have made it, too; he hadn't yet missed a word, and his rage abated one degree when that moist voice slowed and stopped. But then Gunderson stamped to the telegraph table and fumbled among the stack of undelivered orders at Eddie's elbow.

"What's he got for me?"

Eddie didn't try any longer. He opened the key to stop the dispatcher. He stood up. "Take your hands off those orders," he said, "and get out of here."

Gunderson turned his head slowly and gave Eddie a blank stare. He had always considered brass pounders an inferior but entirely harmless breed. It took him a while to realize this one wasn't harmless.

"You can't talk to me like that!" he said.

"You heard it." Eddie shoved his chair out of the way and set himself.

"Just another boomer," Gunderson blustered, "trying to tie up the railroad. I'm going to talk to the Old Man about that, too."

Eddie got the range of the exact spot on Gunderson's chin where he'd clip him with the first shot. "Just this time I'll say it again. Get out of here."

Hi Wheeler flitted from the shadows. For a big guy he moved fast and quiet. "I'll take him, Eddie." It was a flat statement.

"You will like hell!" Eddie snapped back. "He's my meat."

"You go on with your telegraphing, Eddie," Hi said, and turned to Gunderson. "Come outside, Gallopin'. I've got some talking to do to you." Gunderson opened his mouth. Hi held up his hand. "And don't say a word till we're on the other side of that door."

There was a dark menace in the tone, and a look in Hi's eye that Gunderson didn't like. He became somewhat confused. He allowed Hi to herd him outside. Eddie heard Hi outside giving Gunderson the low-down on interrupting brass pounders.

When Eddie got the special cleared and she had gone down the gorge, he poured himself a cup of coffee, and drank it straight.

Hi said, "You sure had it in your mind to murder that lame-brain, and mebby I should've let you do it." He lolled in the chair by the telegraph table, touched the knob of a key with his forefinger, and thumped it awkwardly.

"Where'd he ever tend bar before?" Eddie inquired.

"This is his one and only stamping ground," Hi reflected. "He's a smoke-cured home guard, and he's hostile to the boomers because the Old Man is. He thinks he's going up, but he's more likely to get tramped on before that happens."

The message wire was silent. Hi opened the key and sent stumbling Morse, like you'd beat out with a hammer.

"Notice all the glad rags, and the high-powered jewelry? Like a Christmas tree," Hi snorted. He sure feels important when he gets rigged up in that outfit."

"Where'd he get that nickname?" Eddie said.

"Gallopin'?" Hi grinned. "It fits him right down to the ground. He's always gallopin' over somebody, or up to see the Old Man about something he considers important. He plays Hagen's game straight, and he thinks he's well set in there. I expect he's got the Old Man fooled, but it won't last. He belongs to lodges. He's on the passenger conductor's extra board, and he likes these convention specials. The Old Man sees he gets them, too, one way or another."

Hi spelled out his full name on the key. He frowned. "I can almost read my own Morse."

"Then I'd say you're the only one who can," Eddie said.

Hi had learned to send beaten-up Morse the winter he lived with Eddie while he was laid up with a

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MORE CLASSIFIED ON PAGE 67

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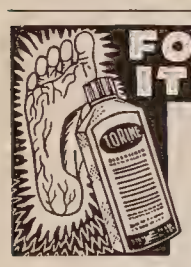

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busted left arm. But he was never able to receive from the wire. He'd tried hard to read the sounder, but he couldn't sort the dots and dashes in his mind. About the best he could do was recognize the string of I's an op makes to keep the circuit alive when he relays a query from the dispatcher to a trainman and waits for the reply. This didn't require any great ability, for the letter consists of only two dots.

But in time Eddie got so he could read enough of Hi's stuff to get a fair idea of what he was trying to send. He hadn't done any since, though, and now he couldn't make much sense out of his poundings.

"Oh, well," Hi sighed. "You can't learn everything."

The DS signaled to clear up Hi's train. Eddie listed the order numbers on a clearance card, and repeated them on the wire.

"OK, 10:22 P.M.," the sounder chanted.

Eddie folded two sets. Hi downed another cup of coffee and took them. He fitted the flaps well down over his ears and buttoned his jacket.

"You know," he said, "old Gallopin' don't understand it, but he's sure headed for trouble, and I'm not going to stand in its way." He went out into the cold dark, whistling raucously.

THE weather-wise ops in their lonely stations across the high divide read the storm signals by the cast of the sky, and flashed repeated warnings to headquarters. The storm moved in with snow flurries in the afternoon, and settled down to a steady fall in the gray dusk of early evening.

"She's going to get worse before she gets better," the roadmaster said, as he thawed out by the stove. He'd come down the gorge on his track motor-car and paused at Aspen to report conditions.

By midnight, the snow fighting equipment had been ordered out.

The storm had slackened and become fitful, gusty by next afternoon when Eddie came on duty. Traffic had slowed, but the plows kept the line open.

A lone engine going down for a passenger help took siding to meet an opposing train. Trainmaster Banner got off and came into the station.

"She's brewing more weather," he declared. He thawed the frost from his fingers, and sat down to write telegrams.

A passenger train pulled up the main track and stopped under the red order board. Gallopin' Gunderson banged into the office. He unbuttoned his overcoat and shook off the snow. He had on the old clothes he wore in freight service. He caught sight of the trainmaster and opened his big mouth.

Eddie stood up, looked at the conductor with a bleak eye. "It's ho-kay, if you keep it down so I can read the wire," he said. "Otherwise, do your talking outside."

A sunset pink flowed into Gunderson's soft cheeks. He turned on the trainmaster. "You heard him threaten me. You'll be able to tell the Old Man about this tramp lightning slinger, because he's certainly going to ask you."

Eddie snapped at him, "Look, Gallopin', the dispatcher is calling me right now. He's going to ask why, if I don't come on at once. But I'm not going to answer while you're bellowing around this office like an old cow."

"Eddie!" Banner interrupted sharply. "There are reports of your bad temper in the office. You'd better pipe down on these brawls before they get you in trouble. If the dispatcher is calling you, answer him."

The tinge of red in his hair flickered brighter in the lamplight. Eddie looked at the trainmaster from a distance. Banner was hard and stubborn, and lived by the book. He'd have to if he served directly under the Old Man. Trainmasters all came up from train service, where they had old buddies. Some of them seemed to like to kick the station agents and telegraphers around, while they let their train crews get by with a good deal.

Eddie said, "If you'll make this blabber-mouth tone down, or go outside, I'll answer the dispatcher. But not till then. I can't work with

him while Gallopin' is raising a row in this office, and I'm not required to."

Banner was hard and stubborn, and this was hard to take. He lived by the book, but he couldn't think of the page that would exactly cover this one. Words of reproof and warning came up, but he stopped them before they got out. Eddie Sand was a smart boomer. He took Gunderson by the arm, and led him out. They boarded the train, and the brakeman came to take the orders.

The dispatcher told Eddie to hold onto the special till a wedge plow, seemingly lost out there in the dark, reported from Gospel.

The brakeman helped himself to coffee. He blew on it, and sipped the black dynamite warily. "Old Gallopin' ain't goin' to be happy for a long time," he reflected amiably, "after what happened to him today."

"I've never seen him happy about anything yet," Eddie told him.

"He generally ain't," the brakeman admitted. "But this one burned him down. Time before, when he was up to take out a special, the call boy, who don't care much for Gallopin', told him he thought it was an outfit of school teachers that'd gone through a day or two before, and was on their way back. So Gallopin' got hisself all prettied up to impress the lady educators.

"What it turned out to be was a trainload of immigrants fresh over from the old country, imported to build railroads in the west. Families of them, with kids from six months up, crawling all over. We had the regular immigrant equipment, old coaches with wooden seats, heated by coal stoves, on which they did their cookin'.

"What a smell! After one whiff, Gallopin' wouldn't go into the coaches. He stayed in the baggage car, and he made me count to see he had transportation for the right number.

"Then this afternoon," the brakeman said with relish, "they called him for this special, and the callboy told him again it was the teachers. Gallopin' had heard about another immigrant train reported somewhere when he had gone off duty. He thought this was it, and the train he was called for. For tryin' to fool him two times, he gave the kid a ballin' out you could fry eggs on, and donned his work clothes, like he was takin' out a freight run. They was well worked out," the brakeman said. "Faded and patched. When he found he was to skipper the teachers, sure enough, how that man raved."

The brakeman drained his coffee cup with deep satisfaction.

"Bein' ashamed of how he was dressed," he beamed, "old Gallopin' had me collect the tickets. And you know what, Eddie? Some of those gal teachers—" The brakeman gazed dreamily at the ceiling. "There's one I'm sure goin' to find out where she lives before we get in."

The dispatcher gave Eddie a message for Gunderson. It directed him not to go beyond Red Rim until he got permission to do so from the chief dispatcher. Red Rim was a one-man job, and the man had taken sick the day before. They hadn't yet been able to relieve him, but it was understood that he was in bed in his quarters above the office, and could be called on duty in an emergency, to move trains. This was an emergency, and Gunderson was to call him to get further instructions before proceeding beyond that point.

The message didn't say so, but another storm was moving in fast, and the night chief was concerned about the teachers. There was danger of the special being stalled between stations, out of contact, and left to their own resources.

They turned her loose then, and, as she whistled off, Banner came back into the office.

"Eddie," he said severely, "you've got to stop rowing with Gunderson. There's a rule in the book against it."

"I'm not rowing with him. I'm just telling him what he can't do in this place."

"He's gone to the Old Man with a complaint about you." And Banner added, "With one against Harmon, too. He'll be ordering me to

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investigate. When he does, I'll do a job."

"I'll bet you will," Eddie nodded, "and I'll go right down the line with you."

"They say you're smart, but you don't sound like it." Banner was scorched, and his instinct was to turn on the heat. But the ironic glint in Eddie's eyes made him cautious. "The Old Man won't stand for such talk. He's suspicious of boomers, anyhow, and he can get mighty tough when they get out of line."

"That's the reason Gallopin' thinks he can push this one through to his glory and honor. He knows the Old Man distrusts the pilgrims, and he'd like to show him he agrees." Eddie grinned. "The Old Man is going to have a swell chance to get tough with me, if Gallopin' don't behave himself at this station when I'm on duty."

Banner decided there was nothing in the book that exactly covered this affair, and anyway he was getting nowhere with it. He went out, and climbed into the cab of the light engine as it rolled down the siding.

A SILENCE, like the inside of a drum, closed in. It penetrated deeper than the cold, and it was more ominous. By the feel of the stillness, you expected what it meant. But you were startled when it happened. The wind brayed out of the north, and then it howled. Snow came in on a long slant. In the dim light from the windows you could see it was as dense as a cloud. The high world disappeared under it. The railroad began to stand still.

The dispatcher called Red Rim at intervals, but he got no reply. The special was overdue there, and he put sharp urgency into the call letters as the minutes walked off the clock.

He called Aspen. "Gunderson is in trouble," he sent, "or he would have reported at Red Rim by now. If any of the section men show up from that direction, find out if they have seen the special."

Eddie acknowledged with a brisk "OK."

The rotary snow plow ground up the gorge through the smoother, two engines shoving, and a caboose on behind. They pulled up at the station, and the crews stormed into the office: the mechanic on the hood, the engineers and their ashcats, the two brakemen, and Hi Wheeler.

Hi was the conductor, in charge of the train. It was one of those left-handed assignments that often fell to him when there was a hard job to handle. Only two eligibles were up on the runboard when the rotary outfit was being made up. Both of these shied and were immediately threatened with pneumonia when called. They felt the intensity of the impending storm in their chillblaines, and elected to stay by the fire.

In this crisis, some of his brethren urged the crew dispatcher to call Hi for the job. It was their little joke. In a bull session in the yard office, when the cinders flew thick, Hi had boasted unblushing of his experiences in handling plow trains in blizzard weather. They didn't believe his brag. But Hi had worked plows in all altitudes and had done all right. Besides, he was resourceful, a good man to be in charge of any operation.

The brethren were somewhat shocked when Hi readily took on the assignment.

Eddie reported the rotary's arrival.

"Ask Wheeler," Harmon sent, "for his guess on what's happened to Gunderson."

Hi considered Gunderson's failure to report at Red Rim while he drank a cup of scalding java. He got the special's departure time from Eddie, and Hi decided that Gunderson should have made it to Red Rim before the latest storm had broken.

"But you can't tell about old Gallopin'," Hi said. "He gets himself in trouble easy. The only thing to do is to go on up with the rotary and dig him out, wherever he is."

Eddie fed that to the DS, and waited for his reply. It was a long time coming. At that point the Old Man showed up in the dispatcher's office. He'd been out with a wedge plow, trying to clear the way for a freight train that had been stalled in a drift, and he'd barely escaped

getting snowed under when this last storm came in. He hadn't been able to break the freight train loose, he was half frozen, and he was in no condition to be crossed up. When the night chief put the situation of the special and the rotary up to him, the first thing he wanted to know was, who was in charge of the plow train.

Wheeler! The Old Man blew a fuse. Who in merry hell gave him the assignment? The night chief ducked that one, putting the deal in Harmon's lap. The Old Man got the play in one sweep of his mind, and he was dumfounded. A trick dispatcher and a brass pounder out there at Aspen, both confirmed drifters, were trying to work out a critical situation in collusion with Hi Wheeler, who was about as notorious as they were, and made more noise about it. Tramps! He lit into Harmon as if he were going to tear him apart.

Harmon stood up to him, calmly. His gray hair hadn't come of kneeling in damp churches. It was an insignia of savvy, gained the hard way. He told the Old Man that Hi was more competent to handle a rotary outfit than any home guard he'd ever had. More than that, he was ingenious at breaking up a bad situation, and at helping others out of a jackpot.

That didn't mollify the Old Man. But he couldn't duck the fact that there were dangerous and complicated circumstances to be brought under control. They'd grow worse rapidly. He had a trainload of school teachers lost in the storm, and his railroad was responsible for them. This weather might last another day, and that could be tragic, if they didn't get the special out of its grip. He had to move.

At last, Harmon began to send to Eddie. "The Old Man says if the special is stalled, it might be completely covered with snow by now, and the rotary might plow into her before they'd know she was there. It's happened on this railroad before. It killed the man on the hood, besides doing great damage."

Eddie gave that to Hi.

"So now the Old Man is in on this one," Hi said. He tried to remember the stretch of rails to Red Rim. "You tell him," Hi said, "he's got to make up his mind right now which set of hazards he's going to take. He can't outwait this weather. He'd better find out what's become of the tutors, and arrange a rescue if they're busted down in the wrong place. I'd rather somebody else was skipper of that train. Gallopin' only knows one thing about trouble, and that's how to get into it. I'll ride the hood and try to detect a drift the special might be hiding in. If I do, I'll search it before we cut into it. But there's blamed little you can see through that snowstorm."

Eddie frowned at him. "You go to scrambling around out in the open, and you'll get lost. You couldn't see your own headlight two-hundred yards away, and when the snow has everything covered, it all looks the same, with no place to go."

"I'll watch it," said Hi.

Eddie put Hi's remarks on the Morse. The Old Man went through a mental spasm before he gave the order to proceed. And he had to add a warning.

"Don't get yourself trapped," he instructed. "A rotary only works one way at a time, and you've got to turn her around to work the other. You'll not be able to back up very far, before the snow stops you, if you find the track obstructed."

"You tell him I know how a rotary runs," Hi grunted.

Eddie poured another cup of coffee all around, and the crews buttoned up and snuggled down ear flaps.

Eddie looked at Hi carefully. "Now don't go crazy, and get yourself frozen stiff."

"We've got to chance it," Hi said. "There're a lot of women on that special, and up here women are scarce."

THE plow train burrowed into the furious welter. Her marker lights blurred out, immediately sucked into the white hell. Nobody could reckon all the hazards of operation in a storm of this intensity. Hi would take the long risks at the short end of the odds to do a job.

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He was made that way. The winddevils, screaming down the gorge, the ghostly scratch of flakes on the bow window, made Eddie uneasy. Hi had luck, sure, but that lady walked out on all men at one time or another.

Eddie tried to forget how slow the clock moved. The dispatcher was annulling scheduled trains. They'd turn the railroad over to the snow plows when the storm abated. Then someone or something broke in on the DS's sending. The sounder sputtered, made a weird clatter, went into a dervish dance. It didn't make sense. But it did let a cold wind down the back of your neck, and cause your stomach to crawl. It sounded as if one of those storm devils had got into a telegraph station and was sending in a code they used on the other side of time. But that wouldn't stand up. Even a phantom brass pounder could send better Morse.

The thing ran down quickly, and ceased. The dispatcher shot an impatient question mark, meaning "What did you say?"

The sounder was silent for a few moments, and then began that unearthly banging again. That was a powerful spook, determined to make himself understood. Eddie frowned. The clamor meant something at that. Suddenly it seemed like a hand fumbling for him from the wild dark, a familiar hand, reaching, fumbling.

"Get off this wire!" the DS snapped angrily at the thing, and continued sending the order.

The wire opened on him again, and was silent. The howl of the wind eased to a moan. You felt the loom of disaster while you stared at the sounder under its hood. Then the little brass tongue moved with deliberation. Slowly and laboriously it spelled out a word.

"*E-d-d-i-e!*"

He got it then, like a swift kick. He was on top of it in the second second, and his hand slipped to the key. "Break!" It was the signal that he was coming in with something new. And to the dispatcher he flashed, "Come in on the message wire." He left the key open.

Harmon switched over, and came in with, "What in hell is that, Eddie?"

"It's Hi Wheeler, some place. He's trying to tell us something. He can't receive Morse, but he learned to send that chopped-up stuff a couple of years ago. I didn't want to confuse him by talking to you on your wire, when he couldn't understand what was going on. It'll be hard to get what he's trying to say, and we can't talk back to him. Now listen to him."

Eddie turned to the dispatcher's wire. He made two I's, the response signal, and spelled his name slowly.

Hi Wheeler, wherever he was, held his key open. He was pondering what the sounder had said to him, scowling at it, trying to translate the dots and dashes into their meaning. But he couldn't make it. He came on again.

"*E-d-d-i-e.*"

That gave you a feeling like you were lost in the dark. Eddie held his key open for ten seconds. Then he made three I's, wide-spaced, and closed it.

Hi got that. It taxed his ability to the limit, but he read the tiny dots as a response. He began to send.

In the back of his mind Eddie could vision old Hi pounding the key like driving nails, mutilating the Morse code, his long face lit up like a beacon, delighting in this fantastic episode, blithely confident that his old fellow confederate could read his stuff, no matter how much he loused it up.

For Eddie, it was an ordeal. It required a nimble mind to follow the convulsions of the little brass tongue and get what Hi was trying to tell him from them. He backed away into a trance that excluded all else except the metallic thread of sound that hammered at him out of the bitter night. It was all gibberish he had to snatch with his imagination, and piece together.

There were gaps that escaped him, and these he instantly had to close up with what had gone before and what followed. He stopped breathing. It was maddening not to be able to break him and ask him

to repeat the unintelligible parts. He didn't realize the strain he'd endured until Hi stopped sending. Sweat was running down his cheeks from his temples.

He had to pause to catch up with his breathing. He turned to the message wire.

"Did you get any of it?" he asked Harmon.

"Just a letter now and then. But no sense out of it. Could you read any of it?" Harmon asked.

"Yeah," Eddie said. He had it all strung together now, from passages and fragments and the certain knowledge of the way Hi operated. "This is the way it is. Hi is at Red Rim with his train, but there's no op there to call on duty. There's a shingle nailed to the door with a note on it written by some section foreman, that says the op went to town last evening to see the doctor, and they put him in the hospital. The special's not there, either. Not a sign of her.

"You can't give him detailed instructions. He couldn't read them. But he thinks he can get 'yes' and 'no,' because one is a letter longer than the other, and they're all dots. There's no use saying anything else to him. So he'll try to find out what you want him to do by asking the questions. He wants to know if he's to go on till he finds the special. You can tell the Old Man he has just a one-word reply, either way."

Harmon sent fast. "I'll never know how you figured that out from the clatter Wheeler made."

He gave it to the Old Man in a quick report, and he made it grim.

Hagen glowered down at the dispatcher. He pondered, chewing a cigar to shreds, and then taking a fresh one to mangle. He paced the floor. The Old Man struggled with foul circumstances that were growing more perilous by the minute. And he was caught with only boomers to depend upon. He distrusted boomers in a crisis. They had walked out on him too often. And now he couldn't even stand over them and boss the job. He was tied down to either a nod or a shake of the head to say whether or not the plow train should go on through the stormy dark, feeling for the special.

Harmon read him, like a printed page. "Wheeler has what it takes," he said. "He'll dig Gunderson out, if you'll let him."

No matter what it cost him, he had to do it. Tragedy and disaster rode the bitter wind. It did something to him, snapped an old mental habit. He lived for fifteen years thereafter, but they were all shadowed by that night. He looked down at Harmon, and nodded.

Harmon flashed a "Yes" to Eddie.

You make a Y with two dots, a pause, and then two more. An E is a single tick. An S uses up three. Simple as counting up to eight. Eddie spaced the letters, and sent with precision. After a pause, he sent the word again.

Hi repeated it promptly, and it sounded like hail stones on a galvanized roof. He batted out a brisk "OK" and went into the big silence.

MIDNIGHT and the third trick op showed up at the same time. The plow train was overdue at the next open telegraph office beyond Red Rim. Harmon called and said the Old Man asked Eddie to stay around till they heard from her. Hi might come on at another closed station and try to talk to them. He couldn't, if Eddie wasn't on hand. Harmon said he was going to stick around awhile himself. This might develop into a bad one.

Eddie brooded by the fire. That limber-legged length of dynamite never hesitated to take considered chances. He could instantly get the feel of a sudden emergency, and move swiftly to take any advantage left open to him. You thought about his luck again. Nevertheless, with storms as vicious and violent as this one, you had to have much more than luck.

The railroad subsided under the drifting snow. The third trick op got a cushion for a pillow, and crawled onto the soft end of the telegraph table for a snooze. Eddie tried to read a book, but the pages were blurred by the images that stalked his mind. He wasn't a worrier. But the howl of the wind made you anxious. You couldn't survive in

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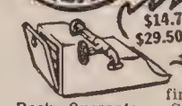

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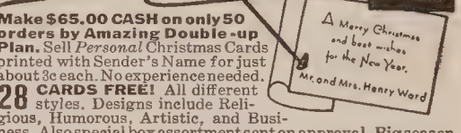

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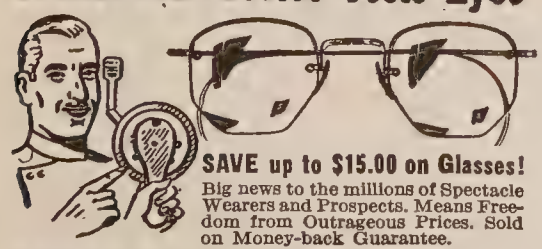

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this kind of weather if you were exposed to it for any length of time. It left no landmarks, and you got lost mighty quick in the open. Hi had talked about searching the drifts for the special before they cut into them. The long loon would do it, too.

The Old Man ordered another rotary snow plow from the next division, and he had the relief train made up to follow it in when it arrived.

The clock dragged out the seconds. The wind quit howling, and died. The startled silence that fell on the little station under the towering ridge was uncanny. It half scared you. Railroading was hustle and bustle. Now, even the Morse wires were silent, and that left a large hole in your senses. The op asleep on the soft end of the telegraph table didn't move or snore. You waited, wound up like a hair spring.

Yeah, like a bad dream. And then the alarm went off. The sounder began to hammer. It shattered the frozen stillness, and brought you out of your seat by the fire. Without any effort to change positions, you were in the op's chair, reaching for the key as you caught the mutilated letters stamping across the ominous hush.

"*E-d-d-i-e.*"

He made the response signal carefully, and clamped his mind on the distorted code that bombarded him from the hooded resonator. He had to, for it required more than a thorough knowledge of Morse to get it. Beside Hi's inaptitude, his fingers had been frosted. He used his forefinger like a club. Eddie had to make long guesses at the results, and piece fragments together, to understand anything at all that Hi was trying to send. But mainly he relied on an affectionate and intimate understanding of Hi's nature and the way his mind worked. Eddie often knew Hi's thoughts before he expressed them. You caught a phrase that described an incident, and you knew instinctively what he would do next. Yeah, it took all that, and a gift of prophecy besides, to unscramble his chatter.

Hi was back at Red Rim. The plow train had come up with the special six miles beyond that point, on a curve, and she had rammed into a snow slide that had boulders in it. The front of the engine was smashed in, and she couldn't even make steam to keep the coaches warm. There was a thousand feet of sheer mountainside on the left, and nothing but empty space for another thousand feet straight down on the right. The wind, quartering at them, kept the snow swept from their ledge, exposing the train to the biting blasts. By the time the rotary got to her, all the water in the coaches had frozen, and passengers and crews were in pretty bad shape.

It was as Hi had guessed. Gunderson had got bull-headed and done the wrong thing. He had been hiding out in the baggage car, ashamed to show himself in his patched clothes to the lady educators, and mad enough to chew nails because he couldn't. When the special got to Red Rim and Gallopin' found there was no telegraph operator to call, he really bowed his neck.

The storm got going good about then, and he didn't want to get snowbound at that desolate little station, hung on the side of the mountain, without a chance to chum with the teachers. He was certain that Harmon had overlooked his hand when he had ordered him to call the op who wasn't there. He hadn't shown the engineer the message. His train orders gave him rights to the next open telegraph office. This one wasn't. It wasn't against orders. He thought they could beat out the storm, and it ought to show one and all he was a better railroader than Harmon. He highballed the hogger out of town.

Hi hadn't taken time to build a fire in the Red Rim station. He had to pause at this point in his report and hold his hand over the lamp to stop the growing numbness.

When he'd sized up the situation the special was in, Hi had run a steam line from the plow train to the coaches, and warmed them. They pulled them off the ledge, leaving the busted engine, and they made it nearly half way back to

Red Rim, backing up, before the new snow, falling and drifting, looked like it was going to stall them. So he parked the plow train and the special's coaches in a cut, out of the wind, where they'd be all right for a while. But they'd better get another rotary in there at once, and a relief train.

Hi had made it back to Red Rim on snowshoes, through the storm. Nobody ever figured how he did it, and he never did explain. It had taken all he had to keep one step ahead of the doom that dogged him through the white hell, and nearly got him by the time he got to the Red Rim station. He clammed up when he was asked about it.

He'd followed the path they'd plowed going in, where it hadn't been obliterated. The snow had piled up in most places nearly to the tops of the telegraph poles, and, when he lost the path, he'd follow the wires. Three times he missed them. If he hadn't done some quick, hard thinking when that occurred, they would never have found Mrs. Wheeler's boy Hi until the thaws of spring uncovered him.

Hi quit sending and built a fire.

Eddie was wrung out. The third trick op had brewed a pot of coffee while he'd been isolated with that tangle of Morse. He sipped a mug while he put Hi's report together in his mind. When he sent it to the dispatcher, it gave the picture.

Yeah, he felt like he'd been put through the wringer, but he stayed on in case Hi had something to add. And presently, when Hi had warmed himself, and made java, he came back on the wire, batting out a remark and a request.

"I done told you old Gallopin' was headed for trouble," he banged. "He was the scaredest person aboard the train. He even tried to make his brakeman get out in the storm and walk ten miles to the next open telegraph station." He was more painstaking in putting his request to make sure it was understood. "Ask the skipper of the relief rotary to bring me a pint of Old Crow, and to hell with anybody that tries to pull Rule G on me!"

Eddie boiled with remarks of his own, but he had to limit himself to the response signal. He swore softly. That loop-legged pilgrim, up there alone in the lonely telegraph station, was probably more than half-frozen, and didn't know it. He blithely believed there wasn't a thing wrong with him that a pint of Bourbon wouldn't cure immediately.

Harmon came on the wire with his smooth fist. "Eddie, the Old Man appears to have had a kind of stroke. He'd got himself terribly worked up about the people aboard the special. He'd begun to think they'd never come out alive. When he received Wheeler's report, he nearly went to pieces. Now he's trying to figure out what it would take to persuade you and Hi to abandon your careless ways, and work for his railroad from now on. He's changed his mind about boomers. He even promised me quick promotion if I'd stay on with him. He wants to make honest home guards out of us all. He says he orders us to stay."

"I hope," Eddie sent with a snap, "he makes you assistant superintendent, in line for his job. But he's out of luck if he thinks he can tie Hi and me down. I don't care if it is against orders. Anybody's orders. We've got it all mapped out to invade the Northwest about the time the birds arrive in the spring."

Harmon made some pensive I's. "Well, now listen. How's about an old buzzard like me going along?"

"Sure thing!" Eddie made the wire sing. "There's lots of room. Three rover boys like us could tie up any railroad they've got up there. It's a deal."

After that, he didn't feel so wrung out. The careless road begins at your feet, and his mind wandered beyond the snowbound heights, and he got the smell of fir and pine, and the sound of clear water chuckling among the rocks. There was the sheen of lakes, and in the brittle silence that gripped this high country, he heard the roll of breakers on a sunny beach. Spring was for migration. It was already making up far down in the plains and prairies. One touch of it here would set them adrift. ●

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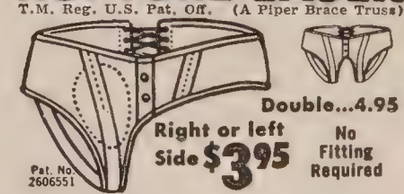
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TRANSIT TOPICS

(Continued from page 51)

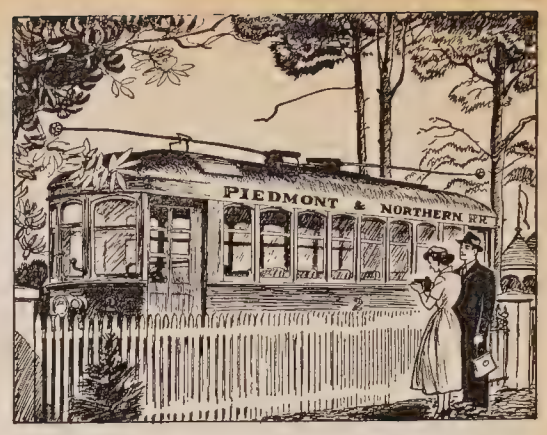
PARKSIDE. Six years ago officials of the Piedmont & Northern and the Southern Railway, together with citizens of Gastonia and Gaston County, turned out to pay tribute to a streetcar.

Old Ironsides, No. 2, the last trolley to operate in North Carolina, jangled and clanged her weary way to stop in front of a reviewing stand erected for the occasion.

The show centered around *Old Ironsides* and Bob Nolen, who was retiring after having run No. 2 and all her predecessors since 1916 over the four-mile course between Groves Mills in East Gastonia and Parkdale Mills in West Gastonia.

According to P&N records, the cars made 17 trips a day, seven days a week. On the basis of an eight-mile round trip, they racked up 1,700,000 miles, with Nolen accounting for 1,600,000. On the side, he raised cows and chickens on his farm near Groves Mills.

Old Ironsides herself is parked on a pedestal near the Armory, enshrined a few feet from Franklin Avenue, her old habitat.



"OLD IRONSIDES," North Carolina's trolley.

This brings up another point: Just how many streetcars are similarly enshrined in parks or elsewhere throughout the United States and Canada?

Offhand, we'd mention several, such as the operating or non-operating museums in St. Louis; Baltimore; Dearborn, Mich.; Kennebunkport, Me.; Summit, Calif.; and Branford, Conn. We leave the park question to readers, with a follow-up compilation in a future issue. ●

ANSWER TO RULES PROBLEM

EXTRA 1697 East should *not* move against Extra 1783 West. No train crew should ever exceed the authority they hold by a train order, unless it is to move under protection of a flag. Extra 1783 West had the right over Extra 1697 East—and that was that!

The dispatcher should have been contacted to straighten out the tangle. He could have done this by issuing an order to Extra 1783 West to wait at Maltby long enough to allow Extra 1697 East to reach that point and clear, as prescribed by the rules.

Lest someone jump to the conclusion that this is an arbitrary decision, let us take a look at what could have happened or at one of the many things that could and might have happened to Extra 1697 East if they had left Bromart.

Suppose, for instance, the dispatcher decided to run another engine to help Number 676, after seeing that engine 1783 would be delayed. He might have grabbed engine 1824 off the extra that was running ahead of Extra 1697 East. If he could get in touch with Extra 1791 East at Bromart for a restricting order, he could get the 1824 down the hill with the following train order:

"Order No. 43 should read Eng 1842 instead of Eng 1783. Extra 1824 West has right over Extra 1791 East, Maltby to Bromart. That part of Order No. 43 reading after Extra 1791 East arrives at Maltby is annulled."

It would not be necessary to give such an order to Extra 1697 East, since the dispatcher already had that train restricted at Maltby for a westward extra. The dispatcher could peddle a copy of the order to Extra 1697 East at Bromart in care of the engineer of Extra 1824 West. The two trains having met at Bromart and the order delivered, everything would thus be straightened out.

This procedure is not far-fetched. I have seen it used when the dispatcher was given a bum engine number or where an engine failure made a change of locomotives necessary.

Extra 1824 West would be free to leave Maltby and proceed to Bromart. If Extra 1697 East left Bromart under the circumstances described, they would bump somewhere on the heavy grade—and the crew of Extra 1697 East would be held responsible. The worst the dispatcher could be charged with would be poor judgment. It is questionable if he would be charged with anything.

You must remember that a crew has no way of knowing what orders the dispatcher may issue to trains ahead or behind them; also, that the dispatcher has no way of knowing what information is exchanged between crews on the line.

The only authority which an extra holds to use the main track is that conferred by a train order. The above is an example of one of the many complications that could have set in under the circumstances. No extra train should ever exceed the authority given it by train order. ●

Railroad Hobby Club

STEAM POWER

WITH GOOD camera weather and vacation time at hand, Howard Davis, 220 Richards St., Pittsburgh 14, Pa., sends us this list of points where he says you can still get pictures of steam power.

Baltimore & Ohio—Cumberland, Md., Grafton, W. Va.—0-8-0, 4-6-2, 2-8-2, 2-10-2, 2-8-8-4
Norfolk & Portsmouth Belt Line—Portsmouth, Sewalls Point, Va.—0-6-0, 0-8-0, 2-8-0
Norfolk & Western—all points—4-8-4, 4-8-2, 4-8-0, 2-6-6-4, 2-8-8-2, 2-6-6-2, 2-8-0, 0-8-0
Virginia Blue Ridge—Piney River, Va.—0-6-0, 2-8-0
Virginian—Sewalls Point, Victoria, Va., Princeton, Elmore, W. Va.—0-8-9, 2-8-2, 2-8-4, 4-6-2, 0-6-0, 2-8-8-2, 2-6-6-6
Western Allegheny—Kaylor, Pa.—2-8-0 (Ex PRR)
Bellefonte Central—Bellefonte, Pa.—2-8-0
Rockton & Rion—Anderson Quarry, S. C.—Saddle tank, 2-8-2
Winston-Salem Southbound—Winston-Salem, N.C.—2-8-0, 2-8-2
Durham & Southern—Apex, Dunn, N.C.—2-10-0 (one operates out of Apex to Raleigh)
Dansville & Mt. Morris—Dansville, N.Y.—2-6-0, 4-6-0
North American Cement Co.—Security, Md.—saddle tank
Virginia & Carolina Southern—Hope Mills, N.C.—Ex ACL 4-6-0
Edgemore & Manetta—Lando, S.C.—saddle tank
Duluth & Northeastern—Cloquet, Minn.—0-6-0, 2-6-0, 2-8-0.
Duluth, Missabe & Iron Range—Proctor, Two Harbors, Mitchell, Minn.—0-8-0, 0-10-0, 0-10-2, 2-10-4, 2-8-2, 2-10-2, 2-8-0, 2-8-8-4
Buffalo Creek & Gauley—Dundon, Widen, W. Va.—2-8-0, 2-8-2, Mack rail bus
Cherry River Boom & Lumber Co.—Richwood, Jerryville, W. Va.—2-8-2, 2-8-0, Shay
Ely Thomas Lumber Co.—Fenwick, W. Va.—Shay
Western Maryland—Ridgley, Elkins, W. Va.—2-8-0, 2-10-0, 4-8-4
Middle Fork—Ellamore, W. Va.—Climax, Heisler
Monongahela—S. Brownsville, Pa.—2-8-2
Maninette, Tomahawk & Western—Tomahawk, Wis.
Grand Trunk—Battle Creek, Port Huron, Mich.—4-8-4, 0-8-0, 0-8-2, 2-8-2
Chicago & Illinois Midland—Springfield, Taylorsville, Ill.—2-8-2, 2-10-2, 2-8-0, 2-8-0, 0-8-0, 2-10-0
W&LE-Nickel Plate—Dillonvale, Brewester, Ohio
Nickel Plate—good for steam at most points
Illinois Central—good for steam at most points except all-diesel Iowa
Detroit, Toledo & Ironton—Flat Rock, Mich.—2-8-2, 2-8-4, 2-8-0, 0-8-0
East Broad Top—Mt. Union (standard gage), Rock Hill Furnace (narrow gage)—0-6-0, 2-8-2
Pittsburgh & Shawmut—Brookville, Pa.—Ex Monon engines

Davis doesn't claim his list is entirely accurate, but perhaps other fans will send us corrections and additions. C. Hope, Madison, Conn., writes that three Pennsy 2-8-2's, Nos. 8148, 8260, and 8283, can be seen in Long Island City, N. Y., from Borden Ave. at 25th St., near the Pullman car repair shop on the Pennsy. There's a start. Let us know where else steam is still running in U. S. and Canada.

ITEMS sent to this department are printed free, in good faith, but without guarantee. Write plainly. No entry longer than 25 words will be accepted —except those dealing with back numbers of this magazine. Address *Railroad Magazine*, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.

Because of time needed to edit, print and distribute the magazine, all material should reach us nine weeks before publication date.

Use these abbreviations: *cond.*, condition; *ea.*, each; *elec.*, electric; *env.*, envelope; *eqmt.*, equipment; *esp.*, especially; *info.*, information; *n.g.*, narrow-gage; *negs.*, negatives; *p.c.*, postcard; *pref.*, preferably; *tr.*, train; *rr.*, railroad.

The term *tts.*, refers to public timetable, unless preceded by *emp.*, when it means employe's (operating) timetables.

(R) indicates desire to buy, swap or sell back issues of *Railroad Magazine*. (Specify condition of each copy.)

(*) indicates juicefan appeal.

SWITCH LIST

DICK ANDERSON, 7431 W. Isham Av., Chicago 31, Ill., will sell size 116 negs. elec., steam, diesel; no lists.

ART BLEDSOE, 826 Monroe, Topeka, Kan., interested in rr. postal and revehue stamps, anywhere.

(R) DOUG. BRISTOW, 733 E. Brookline St., Winston-Salem, N. C., offers size 616 pix Sou., Vgn., N&W; *Railroad Magazines*, good cond.; list, 3c.

(R) JACK BROMLEY, 32 North Dr., Toronto 13, Can., will buy *Railroad Magazine* for Sept., Nov. '43; Jan, May, Nov. '44; Feb. '45; Feb, Sept. '46; Feb, Oct. '47; Feb. '48; June '51; must be good, unclipped.

(*) RAY BYERS, 167 Feronia Way, Rutherford, N. J., will sell size 116 Denver trolley photos, 7 diff., 75c; *Off. Guide*, Sept. '34, unclipped, $4.; all postpaid.

(*) BUD CUMMINGS, Jr., 129 Nevin St., Lancaster, Pa., will buy history, pix, maps of Lawton, Okla., Ry. & Lighting Co. and Conestoga Traction Co, Lancaster, Pa. Write first.

(*) EARL CLARK, 2108 Howell St., Covington, Ky., sells 250 good pix of 250 diff. elec. lines plus assortment of transfs., tts., etc.; list, 10c.

(R) R. E. COOPER, Colliersville, N. Y., will trade emp. tts.; most N. Y. State major lines, etc.; misc. *Railroad Magazines*. Wants *Railroad Magazines* '34 and earlier, *Trains* '43 and earlier; list for stamped env. or your list.

G. S. DAWSON, Box 42, Hico, Tex., will trade Farrington books, *Railroading from Head End, Railroading from the Rear End, Railroads at War*, all good cond., for antique guns, pistols, war relics, any country.

CHAS. DIVOKY, 5119 Dalton Av., Cleveland 27, O., will buy McShane book *Loco. up to Date*.

R. PARKER DOWNS, Pennellville, N. Y., wants pix or negs. NYO&W steam power, esp. old Northern Div.

O. C. GARCIA, 605, 89-25 Elmhurst Av., Elmhurst 73, N. Y., has thousands rr. clippings, tkts., transfs., forms, tts., etc. Send $1. for mixed lot 100, postpaid or will take recent Frt. Eqmt. *Registers* in trade for 2 lots ea.

(*) CHAS. GOETHE, 1108 S. E. 7th St., Fort Lauderdale, Fla., offers size 616 negs. Coral Gables R. Transit and Miami Beach Ry; 3 negs., $1.

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79 Sudbury St., Dept. 28, Boston 14, Mass.

J. M. GOODSON, 1207 Johnston Bldg., Charlotte 2, N. C., will buy prints of PRR steam and diesel locos for framing. Write first.

H. G. OWEN, Box 106, Romeo, Mich., will sell 100 *Nat. Geog. Mags.*, brass switch lock like new and key to fit, 80 issues of *Trains* '44-'53; make offer.

BOB GRAHAM, 1329 Lakeside Dr., Brownsville, Tex., has *Model Making* by Yates '29, good cond., to trade for Best's *Locos. of SP.*

L. E. GRIFFITH, 103 Boulevard St., Sandwich, Ill., will sell 500 negs., size 116 and p.c., from 80 U.S. and Canadian roads, before Nov. 1; write for list, steam or diesel.

RALPH HALL, 223 Enola Rd., Enola, Pa., wants rr. switch keys of abandoned, absorbed and small pikes.

(R) P. R. HEMPHILL, Jr., 32 S. Mulberry St., Hagerstown, Md., will sell *Railroad Magazine* '33 to date all good cond., $45 plus exp. charges; *Model Bldr., Model Railroader*, all good cond., 30 copies, $5 plus exp. charges.

JOE HENDRICHS, 538 Vosburg Rd., Webster, N. Y., will swap model rr. mags. for pre-war O and standard gage eqmt. Details, 3c.

J. W. HULSMAN, 117-A Rowe St., Tamaqua, Pa., offers group of 10 diff. size prints of Korean steam locos.; wants good orig. size 616 steam power of Rdg, CNJ, PRR, LV, D&H, L&NE.

F. KELLY, 1217 Huntoon, Topeka, Kan., will sell recent UP emp. tts. 25c ea; wants pix and negs. EBT and WP&Y locos.

(R) JOSEPH FELIX, 208 Pleasant St., Roseville, Calif., will sell for best offer *Railroad Magazine*, Jan. '42 to date; *Trains*, Feb. '47 to date; PE mags. Sell by lot or split by years.

(*) BILL KETTERER, AF 12 405 426, 314th Maint. Sqdn, Box 336, Sewart AFB, Tenn., wants pix of N. Y. City trolleys, any size; state price; write first.

(*) S. S. KING, RD 3 (Magee), Eaterloo, N. Y., offers N. Y. *State Rys.*, 24-page history of Rochester, Syracuse, Utica lines, 50c postpaid; N. Y. *State Rys. Pictorial*, 60c, postpaid.

PAUL LEWIS, 3040 14th Av., S., Minneapolis 7, Minn., will buy 35 mm. color slides, modern steam locos.

WAYNE LINCOLN, Box 4395, Tucson 5, Ariz., will sell 39 consec. vols. Poors *Manual of RRs.*, 1878 to 1917; also '18, '20, fair and good cond.; make offer.

(*) J. F. LUDWIG, Bola, Ill., will sell p.c. and smaller sizes Midwest elec. and small roads. List and sample, 3c.

BOB MARSH, B203 Wyndon Apts., Wynnewood, Pa., offers 4 copies Rdg. emp. tts., Phila. Div., 9/27/53, 50c ea.

(R) CHAS. MILLER, Jr., 410 Washington Av., Newtown, Pa., will sell *Railroad Magazine* '52 to '54, unclipped, excel. cond. 25c ea., wants Rdg. empt. tts.

SCOTT NIXON, S.F.C. Bldg., Augusta 5, Ga., will sell 2 diff. views of last tr. of Sylvania Cent. 28c for both, postpaid.

(*) HAROLD OLSEN, Box 121 Sta. C, Brooklyn 20, N. Y., wants pix, size 116 and over, Detroit United and Saginaw Bay City Lines.

E. C. PARNELL, 2002 Gilbert St., Beaumont, Tex., wants boiler for 16 in. gage Atl.; must be 7 ft. long, 16 in. dia.

(R*) C. D. PERRY, 11 East St., Winchendon, Mass., will sell *Railroad Magazine*, Apr., May, Aug., '38; Apr., Sept., Oct., Dec., '40; Jan. thru Apr., June, Aug., Sept., Dec. '42; Jan., Feb., Apr., July, Nov., Dec. '43; Mar. thru Dec. '44; all '45; May, Nov., Dec. '47, 20c ea. plus postage. May trade for New Eng. trolley tts., maps.

(R*) JOHN PILLINGS, Jr., 556 E. 5th St., South Boston 27, Mass., will buy size 116 negs, pix, 35 mm. transp. of Conn. Co., Manchester St. Ry. other New Eng. elec. lines. Has some back *Railroad Magazines*, sell or trade.

(*) S. REICH, 92 St. Marks Pl., New York 9, N. Y., will sell pix B&O, NYCTA, DL&W, Erie, FEC, SAL, LV, Rdg., CNY, LIRR, NYNH&H, PRR, NYS&W, SIRT, Steinway RR. Newark Subway, PTC, PSTC, P&W, H&M, NYC.

(R) BOB RUMER, 630 W. Chew Av., Philadelphia 20, Pa., will sell *Railroad Magazines* '36 to date, good cond; rr. emblems, 83 diff. roads; *Trains* '42 to date, good cond., other railroadiana.

GEO. SANBORN, *USS Gainard*, DD 706, FPO, New York, N. Y., will buy copies *Street Ry. Journal* and *Transit Journal*.

Bill Canell

SMUDGE POT. Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis No. 619 sends a plume heaven-high.

G. W. SCHROEDER, 197 W. 74th St., New York, N. Y., wants *Moody's Earning Power of RR's* 1907, '08, '09, '11, '12, '15, '16, '20, '21, '22, '24, '25, '26, '27, '29, '32, '35, '40, '41, '48, '49. Has 1910, '30, '31, '39 to swap.

(R*) A. R. SHADE, Jr., R.F.D. 2, Columbia Stat., O., will sell or trade juice and steam pix from 4800 diff. negs.; list and sample 10c; many misc. *Railroad Magazines*.

F. C. SNYDER, 2049 Center St., Wesleyville, Pa., wants cash offer for 19 vols. *Trains Photo Albums* (separately or as set).

FRED STECK, R. 1, Reese, Mich., wants *Loco. Cyclopedia* 1930 or later; will sell loco steam whistle.

(*) JIM STEINER, Jr., 91-38 114th St., Richmond Hill 18, N. Y., will sell trolley pix of NYC remaining lines. 15c ea.; list 3c.

J. L. STEVENS, Bolivar, Tenn., wants negs., n. g. and wide-gage rolling stock.

PAUL STRINGHAM, 112 Maple Ct., Peoria 4, Ill., has good negs. Midwest locos. and trs. to swap for Eastern and S.E. roads, steam or elec.; no diesels.

T. TALLENTIRE, 1121 Edwards, Cincinnati 8, O., will sell *Model Railroader* 1950-52 35c ea.; *Trains Photo Albums* $1.25 ea.

(R) Rt. Rev. ALEXANDER TURNER, S.S. B. Superior, Society of St. Basil, 52 Kingsbridge Rd., W., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., will sell *Railroad Magazines*, April '42 to date, except Oct., Dec. '42; March, Apr., Aug. '43; best offer. Also *Trains*, *Moody's Directory* '39; *Railroad Avenue* by Freeman Hubbard; others.

A. von BLON, 3621 Windsor Av., Waco, Tex., wants info and pix on loco, construction no. 2942, built by Rhode I. in '93, Forney type, ran on some el. line.

BOB WARD, Darjeeling, Box 214A, Schwenksville, Pa., will buy pix Rdg. locos C-1A, D3, D4, D9, D5, N4, Q1 classes; also auto license plates, anywhere.

GLENN WIGREN, 260 Willard St., Jamestown, N. Y., wants pix Erie steam loco 3355.

TED WURM, 122 Monte Vista, Oakland 11, Calif., will sell *World Rys.* 1952-53 new copies, $14 ea.; *Men of Erie* $2.60; *History of PRR Co.* by Wilson '99, 2 vols. $20.

(*) GARY WILSON, 353 Penn St. Pasadena, Calif., will sell pix PE No. 5050; PCC's 400, 300, 1400; express motor 1600; work cars, etc.; list and sample 10c.

(*) H. L. YOUNGER, 822 Cynthia St., Los Angeles, Calif., sells size 116 elec. car pix from 15 lines; most cars now junked, list includes Canada, E., West Coast; 14 for $1; list and sample 10c; no trades.

MODEL TRADING POST

LEO BARIS, 113 Sherman Ave., New York, N. Y., will sell 71-piece AF tr. set; write for list.

RUSS CHRISTENSEN, 21 Fernwood Pk., Rochester 9, N. Y., wants Lionel No. 47 crossing gates, single-dome tank car; answers all mail.

JOHN KOMLOS, 4614 Wilcox Av., St. Louis 16, Mo., will sell old issues *Model Railroader* 20c or 25c ea. Write for list.

S. KRAMER, 108 N. Vendome Av., Margate City, N. J., wants Lionel and AF catalogs, 1930-'52.

MALCOLM LAUGHLIN, 22 Sage Terrace, Scarsdale, N. Y., will sell *Model Railroader*, Feb., July '53; *Model Trains*, Dec. '51, Nov. Dec. '53, Jan. '54.

TOM LEAR, 512 Cambridge Rd., Coshocton, O., will sell HO kits, unassembled, locos, frt cars; list 3c.

GEO. MANTAIN, 1040 Anderson Av., Bronx, N. Y., wants Lionel 272 gage NYC scale Hudson; PRR 0-6-0 switcher, etc; will trade built-up HO gage eqmt.

D. R. McCOY, 5509 N. Putney Av., San Gabriel, Calif., wants 1½-in. scale 7½-in. gage castings, trucks, cars, parts, unfinished or any cond.; state cond., price.

HARRY MEYER, 1904 Gardenia Av., North Merrick, N. Y., has HO scale eqmt. 6 built-up locos, 40 frt. cars, new kits, etc; will trade for Lionel scale 072 trs.

M. DALE ROBERTS, 1201 10th St., Eldora, Ia., is selling out modern HO eqmt; list 3c.

FLAGSTOPS

FANTRIP is planned for Sept. 19. Special 3-car Illinois Terminal train leaves Champaign 7 a.m., returning 9 p.m.; tour of Decatur shops, side trips, etc.; fare about $10. Contact M. H. Klebolt, trip chairman, Illini Railroad Club, 301 S. Wright St., Champaign, Ill.

* * *

IOWA CHAPTER, NRHS, will sponsor special round-trip excursion on Fort Dodge, Des Moines & Southern from Boone, to Fort Dodge, Iowa, Aug. 22. Last elec. passenger line in Iowa. Fare about $3. Write Dr. R. B. May, V.A. Hospital, Knoxville, Tenn.

* * *

LOUISVILLE CHAPTER, NRHS, Louisville, Ky., plans trip Sept. 26 on Kentucky & Tennessee RR. For details write Vitaly V. Uzoff, trip coordinator, 3319 Utah Av., Louisville 15, Ky.

* * *

AUTUMN LEAF EXCURSION is planned for Oct. 10 by Buffalo and Rochester chapters, NRHS. For details contact J. H. Clark, president, Buffalo Chapter.

* * *

ANNUAL CONVENTION, NMRA, will be held at Palmer House, Chicago, Aug. 27, 28, 29. Exhibits, model railroad "parts store," long tour, etc.

* * *

IOWA CHAPTER, NRHS, plans Sept. fantrip on CMStP&P, LaCrosse to Caledonia, Minn.—last Milw. branch line still using steam power.

* * *

TOLEDO CHAPTER, NRHS, announces annual excursion Oct. 17, Toledo, O., to Jackson, Mich. For details write Lloyd A. Brown, Manager, Travel Department, Toledo Trust Co, Toledo, Ohio.

* * *

RAILROAD SOUND phonograph records offered by Wm. A. Steventon, Hawkins, Wisc., at $1.75 each, includes Shenandoah Central's narrow-gage No. 12 blasting up 3 percent grade and pulling into station; Nickel Plate No. 716 switching and pulling out of town; Potomac Edison interurban No. 172, with air horns, air compressors, running in city streets; Shaker Hts. Rapid Transit car 101 and box motor OX, whistles, running over rusty rails, air compressors; and long list of others.

* * *

NATIONAL CONVENTION, NRHS, will be held in Washington Labor Day Week-end. Schedule includes trips. Write: G. Ross Popkins, 7406 14th St., NW, Washington 12, D.C.

* * *

PACIFIC COAST CHAPTER, R&LHS, announces trip Sept. 19 via NWP and Calif. Western RRs. Reduction for early tickets. Write: J. E. Turner, 1739 Berkeley Way, Berkeley, Calif

* * *

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Start as soon as you receive my powerful Free Sales Kit. Many men with no previous experience have made $20 the very first day with this Outfit, introducing our quality products to friends, relatives, fellow workers. You'll be amazed how quickly they buy from you! Here's why:

1. You show a selection of **174 different styles** in dress, sport, work shoes for men and women . . . plus a complete line of jackets!
2. You can fit almost **everybody**, because you feature an amazing range of sizes (2½ - 15) and widths (AAAA - EEEE)!
3. **You draw on our huge stock of 200,000 pairs.** That means you're never "out" of a style, size or width. You beat store competition all hollow!
4. **You feature our exclusive Velvet-eez foamy-soft AIR CUSHION INNERSOLES** . . . a blessing for people who work on their feet . . . like "walking on air"! (Velvet-eez shoes bear the famous Good Housekeeping Seal.)
5. You feature such exciting styles as the fast-selling **shoe & jacket combinations** pictured above. You'll make double profits on each combination you sell!

To start this exciting business **right away,** mail the coupon **now.** I will rush your powerful FREE Sales Kit that contains **everything** you need to start making money the very first hour! I'll also show how you can win exciting Bonus Prizes. Start making as much as $217 **extra** a month . . . rush your coupon TODAY!

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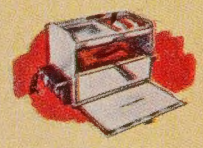

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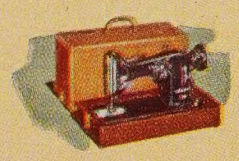

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Richard Automatic Gold Watches! ★ Set of **Encyclopedia Britannica!** ★ 11 Piece **Flavor Seal** Cookwear Set! ★ **London Staplers** Made-To-Measure Suit! ★ **Kingston** Vacuum Cleaner Set! ★ **Shopmaster** Power Tool Set! ★ 100 **Eveready** 3-piece Flashlight Sets! ★ 360 **Universal** Pen, Pencil Sets with INK-N-TROL Ball Pen! ★ 100 **Inner Sanctum** Billfold Sets! ★ 100 6-month supplies **B.V.D.'s!**

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